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THE MESSAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY SIBYL PARK.

"How shall I know her? and what shall I tell her when we meet in the land beyond the River?"

You will know her when you meet her
By her forehead white and fair,
By her scarlet mouth's sweet smiling,
And the waves of golden hair.
By her eyes, for oh! their beauty
Shames the violet on the plain,
You will know her, you must love her,
My lost darling, Ethel Wayne.

Her voice was like the dropping
Of a meadow brook's sweet tune;
Or like the dainty singing
Of a wildwood bird in June.
You will know her very truly
When she softly breathes my name,
You will tell her how I love her,
My lost darling, Ethel Wayne.

Now the twilight gathers darkly,
Walling all the world away,
You will meet her ere the morning
Breaketh into perfect day;
You will tell her when you meet her
In the bright, angelic train,
That my life is lone without her,
My lost darling, Ethel Wayne.

Tell her this,—ah, well! it may be
That she knows how long the years
Have grown with weary shadows,
And with dismal falling tears.
If she knows—she'll see her dying
And our love have not been vain,
While she waits, with patient waiting,
My lost darling, Ethel Wayne.

Old friend, dear friend, remember!
Shall I raise your head once more?
Let me clasp your cold hand closely,
Till you reach the other shore.
"You will tell her," yes! I hear you,
Death is but a moment's pain;
Oh! he's safe beyond the River,
With you, darling Ethel Wayne.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Henry and Isaline were still conversing together in whispers, in their place of concealment, when the former suddenly started, with a look of alarm, turned slightly pale, and placed his finger to his lips. Isaline had not herself heard anything; but she feared they were menaced with new danger; and instantly the blood forsook her sweet face, her breathing ceased, and her heart appeared to become still.

"It may have been fancy," at length whispered Henry, "but I thought I heard a sound like the distant snapping of a dry stick."

"Oh, Heaven grant our cruel enemies be not returned!" gasped Isaline.

"There! bark! do you hear that?"

"I hear something like the rustling of bushes, Henry."

"All still again!" said Henry, after a brief pause. "Perhaps it was only some animal passing through the wood here!"

"God grant it!"

"Ha! there again!"

"It is like a human voice now!" gasped Isaline, the picture of terror and despair.

"It is a human voice, speaking in a low tone!" said Henry. "There! another voice now, as if in reply!"

"Friend or foe, Henry?"

"The sounds seem hardly guttural enough for savages."

"Oh, if the borderers have only returned!" said Isaline.

"Hark!" said Henry, with a bright flush of joy. "I do believe I hear the voices of our friends!"

"Oh, Father in Heaven grant it!" prayed Isaline.

The sounds gradually became more audible, as if the speakers were drawing nearer to the spot where our lovers still remained concealed.

Presently other voices were heard; and immediately after, both Henry and Isaline were able to distinguish the solemn words:

"We'd better dig thar graves here!"

Isaline laid her trembling hand upon the arm of her companion, and looked almost wildly into his face.

"Our friends have returned to bury their dead!" he said, with a look of solemn awe. "God be praised, that deliverance has come to us! But there will be a sight, my dear, sweet Isaline, that you must not look upon! Let me go out to them alone, my darling; and when all is over, I will return for you and conduct you from this terrible place."

"Oh, dear Henry, are you sure?"

There was no need of a reply to the question—for in the same moment a voice, which they both recognized, was heard saying:

"Whar's the use? I can't find Harry Colburn, eyther living or dead."

"Ha! my friend Tom! I must go to him at once!" said Henry, with a bright gleam of satisfaction. "Remember, dearest, you must not leave here till I return for you!" he added, as he quietly rose and cautiously crept out of the thicket.

"Oh, look out well for danger, dear Henry!" returned Isaline, warningly.

"I will, my darling, never fear!"

On creeping out from the thicket, Henry perceived his late companions grouped together at the foot of a tree, Rough Tom among the number. He approached them quietly, and was not perceived till within a few feet, when he was greeted with a shout of pleasure. Rough Tom fairly danced with delight, and grasped his hand as warmly as if he had been absent for a month.

"Harry, my boy," he said, "I'm glad to see you! for I war afeard that eyther the red-niggers, or the Phantom, or some other infarnal thing had sent you to Kingdom Come!"

"I had a wonderful preservation, Tom!" said Henry; and as he spoke, his eye fell upon three still, bloody forms, that lay stretched out, side-by-side, at the feet of the men. "Dead?" he asked, with a shudder, pointing to the bodies.

"All dead," answered Tom, "but only one of 'em sculped. We've picked 'em up and fotched 'em he-yar to bury 'em. Thar's two more on us missing yit, though I kind o' hope they'll turn up like you has. But whar'd you come from, Harry?"

"Do you see those brambles, filling up the hollow made by the uprooting of that old tree yonder?"

"I spect."

"I have been concealed there ever since you left."

"Too skeered to run and make a slinking fool of yourself, like we done, hey?" grinned the old woodsman.

"No, I have not been scared at all—at least in the way you probably suppose!" smiled Henry. "I was thrown down there by an Indian, who fell with me, and I suppose would have killed me, had he not himself become frightened and run away in such haste as to forget his rifle."

"And you warn't skeered by the —— screeching Phantom nary onct, hey?" said Tom, with a doubting, quizzical look.

"I have not heard the Phantom—at least today."

"No? Then what did you hear? Call it the Devil, ef you likes that better."

"I was stunned by my fall, I suppose, for I heard nothing!" rejoined Henry, purposely prolonging the subject, in order to draw Tom out and then give him a pleasant surprise. "When I came to my senses, I was greatly astonished to find that both you and the Indians had gone and left the field clear. At first I was alarmed, thinking the savages might be in pursuit of you; but subsequently I came to another conclusion. What was the real cause of your flight? and where are our enemies now?"

"What become of the Injuns, I don't know," answered Tom; "but we all got skeered together, by a most infarnal screech—jest like that we've heerd afore—and all on us run—me leading off and making a gineral jackass of myself. Harry, you know this yere arn't the fust time I've run, and made a cussed, scrouging, coward ninny of myself, jest for a screech or two; but ef ever I does it ag'in, jest you mention it to old Rough Tom, and guv him my compliments, and tell him he's a —— fool! Agh! woof h! whar's the use?"

"And did you really hear a shriek, Tom, like that we have heard before?"

"Yes! we heerd it last night whar we was camped, you know, and this morning ag'in, right in the middle of the fight."

"Did it sound like the scream of a woman?"

"So'thing like it—only more so."

"Where was it?"

"The Lord knows!"

"Where were you?"

"Right over thar, whar you sees that bent tree."

The spot pointed out was about twenty yards from the bramble-pit, and Henry asked if the sound appeared to have come from that direction.

Tom did not know—it appeared to him to have come from every where.

"I think I have got hold of the Creature that made the noise!" said Henry, gravely.

"You her got it cotched, you say?"

"Yes."

"Killed it?"

"No."

"Got it yit?"

"Yes."

"Whar is it?"

"In yonder bramble-pit."

"Woof h! thunder! what is't like?"

"Very much like a woman."

"Big as a woman?"

"As big as some women."

"Any fire and brimstone about it?"

"Have not seen any. You see I am not scorched anywhere—not even my hair singed."

"It arn't the same one I seed then!" said Tom; "for that thar war all fire and brimstone!"

"Except the hair and scales like a fish, as you remember you mentioned, Tom!" smiled Henry.

"Shagh! whar's the use? I'd like to see this critter of yourn, Harry!"

"Well, you shall; and you will be pleased with the sight I know. I have not been so delighted with anything since I lost the colonel's daughter."

"Ah, that poor gal!" sighed Tom. "I'm afeared them Devils put her out of the way, and that we'll never see her ag'in! I say, younker, how's we agwine to face the colonel and tell him we lost the gal?"

"It would be hard to do I know, Tom; but then we have the satisfaction of knowing we did all in our limited human power, and are not to be blamed for results."

"You don't take it so hard's you done at fust, do ye, lad?" said Tom, kindly. "I'm glad on't—fur I spected what little sense you'd got war agwine to peg out and leave you luny! In course I'd go my death to save that ar' gal; but ef it can't be did, why, whar's the use? We'll hev to face the colonel; and you'll hev to find another gal, or else let the courting business drap, which I spect ar' a heap the best. I never had no women bothering me—no, sir!"

"Well, come, Tom, let me show you this Creature, that I am satisfied gave you such a fright."

"Down in the brambles thar, and nigh as big as a woman?"

"Yes."

"How've you got it fastened?"

"I left it perfectly free."

Tom turned and faced his young companion and laughed derisively.

"You're a confounded finiky fool about some things, younker!" he said. "D'yer s'pose that ar' Varmint's agwine to stay thar by itself, whilst you goes around and axes up your friends to make a monkey show on't? And that jest puts me in mind—how'd you cotch it?"

"It caught me first, Tom!" smiled Henry. "When I recovered my senses, after my fall, I found it in my very arms; and it has been with me ever since; and it being so tame, I thought of course it would not run away, even if I left it alone for a few minutes; so, as I happened to hear you speak my name, I hastened here to meet you. But come and see for yourself!"

"Eyther you're a —— fool or I is, and I knows it arn't me!" grumbled the old woodsman, as he went forward with Henry, leaving the others busy in digging the graves of their dead comrades with their knives and hatchets.

"By-the-by, Tom, are you sure we are perfectly safe here from an attack of the savages we were fighting with?" asked Henry, as they walked toward the thicket, glancing around him somewhat anxiously. "If they got frightened off from the same cause as you did, may they not take the same notion to return?"

"No danger, I reckon!" answered Tom. "They'll be glad enough, I spect, to make purty clean tracks for the Ohio now, and we oughter foller 'em! We scouted all round afore we come he-yar, and seed thar trail leading off in that direction; and ef t'other party, as went off with Pete Billings that way, keeps thar eyes skinned, we'll hev every dog of 'em yit! I wonder whar the other two missing fellers is that we can't git no trace of? I don't know whether they was wownded, tuk prisoners, or what!"

"Here we are!" said Henry, as they drew near the place where Isaline still remained concealed. "An Indian and myself, after a shot at each other and a miss on both sides, rushed together here and clinched; and he got the better of me, and threw me down into these brambles, himself falling with me; and when I came to my senses, he was gone, and the wood around here was completely deserted. Do you stay here a minute, Tom, and I will go down and bring out the Creature I have been telling you about."

"And you think you'll find it thar yit?" rejoined Tom, shaking his head. "Shagh!"

"Oh, yes—for I am certain it would not run away!" said Henry, as he disappeared on the other side.

He was absent only a minute; and then reappeared, helping out Isaline—who, having heard most of the conversation, understood the whole matter, and needed no explanation from Henry.

The moment Tom saw her, he started and stared—rubbed his eyes and stared again—and then, with a yell of delight, rushed up, threw his strong, rough arms around her, and, giving her a hug that almost took her breath, exclaimed:

"Catermounts and allergaters! ef this he-yar don't beat all creation, whar's the use? Why, gal—I beg pardon! Miss Holcombe, I mean—I'm so tickled to see you as ef you war my—my—own mother! How d'yer do it?"

The other borderers now came running up—among whom were the scouts who had journeyed so far with Isaline—and for a few minutes there was a scene of wild, noisy, joyful excitement. Many questions were asked and answered, and loud and hearty was the laugh at the idea that the whole field of battle had been cleared by the single scream of a frightened woman.

"Well, boys," at length said Tom, "we mustn't lose too much time now; and so, as soon's you've got them poor fellers kivered decent, we'll hold a confab, and fix on our next doings, and tramp out of this, eyther arter the red-niggers or back to some fort."

"We'll soon be through now!" replied one of the men, as they went back to their solemn work, leaving Rough Tom, Henry and Isaline standing together.

"Ah, you rascal!" cried Tom, with a laugh, giving Henry a hearty slap on his shoulder; "I don't wonder you tuk it so easy with the *Phantom!* Wagh! you've had your joke on me, and I spect I owes you so'thing; but I'm too powerful happy just now to pay it, with the colonel's darter back ag'in amongst us all safe!"

As he said this, standing close by the bramble-pit, with Henry and Isaline both looking at him and smiling, five or six savages suddenly sprung upon them, with their horrid yells; and before the least resistance could be made, our two friends were overpowered and borne down to the earth, and poor Isaline was pinioned in the strong arms of Methoto. At the same moment the rest of the savages burst upon the larger group of Kentuckians, yelling like fiends, and pouring in a destructive volley.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIENDS TRIUMPH.

The dreadful work of slaughter was soon over. The Kentucklans, busy over their dead and suspecting no danger, with not a single rifle in their hands, were taken at a terrible advantage, and could offer but a feeble resistance to their overpowering foes. More than half of them were shot down at the first fire; and the others, with the exception of three who ran and were pursued, were speedily dispatched—clubbed muskets and tomahawks doing the bloody work in a very brief time. No prisoners were taken here—every man was killed.

The last to come up, but the fiercest in the work of butchery, was Blodget. He fairly revelled in it. His knife and tomahawk were plied with a rapidity and vigor that soon covered him with large splashes of blood—hands, arms, face and body. He was eager for scalps, and he managed to secure four. These were more than his share—more than were taken by any one warrior.

"Now then," he muttered to himself when all was over, his dull, leaden eye brightening and gleaming with fiendish satisfaction, "the girl's mine beyond all power of Methoto, the —— Buffalo! for I can show two scalps to his one. I fixed him!" he chuckled to himself; "for when we both got sight of the girl, I sent him after her, along with a few warriors, to take her lover and his companion prisoners—well knowing, if they did that, they'd serve me and get no scalps—at least he wouldn't—while I'd have the better chance at these fellows here."

The slaughter over—for, owing to the circumstances we have mentioned, it was rather a massacre than a fight—and the dead all scalped and plundered—the savages, in the best of spirits, came together for a consultation, gathering around the prisoners that had been spared.

Rough Tom and Henry, meantime, had received much the same treatment as Hampton; and now, with nearly everything stripped from their persons—their faces, arms and bodies marked with blows—they stood bound to a sapling, bearing up under their misfortunes with the heroic fortitude of brave men; but Isaline, poor Isaline, was still in the arms of her captor, the rough Methoto, who having now got possession of her, was disposed to retain it as long as possible. Yielding up glory, revenge and plunder to his companions, he had contented himself in withdrawing from the others and seating himself on the trunk of the fallen tree, where he now held Isaline hugged to his breast, in much the same manner as one child is often seen to support another. Blodget had sent him to secure her, for the reasons we have named; and he had not only faithfully obeyed the commands of that villain, but had exceeded them in so much that he still literally kept her in his own possession, under the impression that she was to be his prisoner altogether, as she had once been Hampton's. And she, poor girl—confounded and bewildered by the shock which had so suddenly changed her happiness into horror, with only a stupefied consciousness of misery remaining to her—made no attempt to escape from the arms that held her; but sat, with her eyes fixed on Henry, as one who saw yet only partially comprehended.

Blodget, as he came up and glanced at Methoto, scowled darkly; but his first words were addressed to Henry.

"So," he said, shaking the gory scalps of his late victims in the face of the young artist, "we've got you back again among us, have we? Glad to see you, and hope you'll stop awhile with us—long enough to make a respectable visit at least. Who's this other fellow here?" nodding to Tom. "I don't think I know him. Why don't you introduce me? where's your manners?"

"Jest you cut these yere cords, you white devil, and I'll shake hands with you!" growled Tom.

"Really, my worthy old codger, you do me too much honor!" grinned Blodget, striding up and slapping the woodsman some half-a-dozen times in the face with the bloody scalps in his hand. "Here's a greeting for you from your old comrades, who've been fools enough to step out and leave you behind!" he pursued, with the cool malice of a demon. "How was it you didn't go with them, eh? Perhaps you were afraid to see the devil so soon after making a spooney of yourself!"

"Wagh!" grunted Tom; "you kin talk more —— nonsense nor any fool I ever see!"

Blodget laughed.

"Old codger, you amuse me!" he said. "What a fine time I'll have with the three of ye—for there's another fellow traveller waiting to join his song of glory to yours."

"Whar?" asked Tom, looking around.

"Oh, he's not here," said Blodget; "we left him back in the woods a piece, holding up a tree, like your doing. An old friend of yours," he pursued, turning to Henry, "and very fond of that girl there, that Methoto's playing doll-baby with—Charles Hampton, he calls himself."

"What!" cried Tom, with a fierce gleam of joy; "you got him tied up like us?"

"For all the world like you, except more so!" grinned Blodget, whose whim it was just now to be more amused than angry. "He's got a little extra touch, in the shape of a cord around his neck and a gag in his mouth. You know him then?"

"Spect I does!" replied Tom; "and ef you've got him fixed, like you say, I kin a'most call it squar' about myself—for he's the —— slinking skunk that got us into all this yere trouble."

"Yes, you see, he got us over here, so's he could catch the girl; and then he was ready to bolt, and did bolt!" rejoined Blodget. "He run off with the girl, and then she run off from him, and then he run after her till he heard us fighting, and then he run off by himself, and run right into our hands, which was little the rummiest run of them all;" and Blodget concluded with a fiendish laugh.

"All right!" said Tom; "you jest keep him; and ef you takes a notion to see a leetle fun, jest you untie us both in a opening whar thar's room to hev a white nigger licked! Agh! wagh! whar's the use?"

Again Blodget laughed, and, by one of those strange freaks in human nature, began to conceive quite a liking for the rough woodsman. He asked him his name, which Tom readily told; and, after a few more questions and answers, said, with some show of good feeling.

"Tom, you ought to join the Indians; and if, when you get to their towns, you take a notion to do so, I'll do what I can for you!"

Tom's first impulse was to say he'd rather join the imps of darkness; but he suddenly recollected his condition—a bound and helpless prisoner—and had the good sense to understand he had better have the vile decoy for a friend than an enemy—at least under the present circumstances—and so he rejoined:

"Thank 'e, hoss—you talk like a trump; and I'm not sartain but what as how I'd make a purty considerable kind of a scrimptious sort of a red nig—a—a—Injun—yes, sir! Spect me and you'd git along amazing—for I reckons we'd both like to tickle up that thar devil of a Hampton, hey?"

"Yes, indeed, my jolly old codger!" laughed Blodget; "and if we don't both have a chance, it shan't be my fault."

At that time Blodget really meant what he said—for he was in good humor over his late success, and Tom had not done anything, at least to his knowledge, to incur his personal hate. He had called him a white devil, it was true; but that, under the circumstances, only showed he was a bold, brave fellow, who was not afraid to speak his mind and take the consequences; and though a coward himself, he admired courage in others. Tom's hatred, too, of Hampton, to that degree that he was half willing to suffer himself so that that villain might be punished with him, was a sort of bond of affinity between them. Moreover, he wanted a white companion who could speak his own language, and he foresaw he was going to have trouble with Methoto, which would make the two deadly enemies. And then the rough woodsman really amused him, with his odd way of expressing himself. So, all taken together, produced an effect which no one could have calculated on before they met—for human nature is such a strange instrument, so strangely attuned, that the wisest player that ever lived is not always sure of the sounds he will evoke when his hand sweeps the cords.

Blodget now said a few words to the Indians in favor of Tom; and then, with the scowl settling back on his brow, he strode over to where Methoto was still sitting, with the half stupefied Isaline clasped in his arms, and addressed him in the Indian tongue, of which we will give a free translation.

"Has the Buffalo turned to a squaw who is nursing her first child?" he asked, in a sneering tone.

"No, the Buffalo is a braver warrior than the little sneaking Fox who puts the question!" replied Methoto, with a sullen gleam of hate. "But the Buffalo has got his own—got what he has long been seeking—and is content. Let the sneaking Fox go his way, and not get under the hoofs that will crush him!"

"The Buffalo has not got his own, but that which belongs to another, and which he will not

be allowed to hold!" returned Blodget, scarcely able to keep his fierce passions under his control. "Behold the scalps of the warrior, which give to Wawakotchethe* the prize he fought for!" he added, with a flourish of his bloody trophies.

"Ough! stolen from dead men that his red brothers had killed!" growled the white Indian, with a look of contempt. "The Fox had the cunning to bring in the courage of the goose—but let him not force the Buffalo to use his horns! The squaw belongs to the Buffalo, who saw her before the Fox, and she gave herself to him afterward. There is no more to be said. Go!"

"Has the Buffalo forgot the decree of his red brothers?" asked Blodget, rather mildly, not altogether fancying the look with which Methoto accompanied his last words.

"The Buffalo has said 'Go'—let the Fox heed in time!" rejoined Methoto, his cold, gray eyes gleaming out wickedly through a dark, heavy scowl.

"Our red brothers shall decide!" said Blodget, drawing back.

And then, as he turned on his heel and advanced to the group of warriors, who were already preparing to resume their march back to where they had left their horses, he muttered, in English:

"The —— insolent scoundrel! I'll have his heart's blood and scalp too before long!"

He then addressed the warriors, demanding that Isaline should either be given up to him now, as having the best right to her according to their decree, or else that she should be taken in charge as a general prisoner, as had been done before.

"My red brothers must see that if either the Buffalo or the Fox is entitled to her possession, it is the Fox!" he said in conclusion, holding up his scalps.

The Indians were not slow to decide the point, for their former decision covered the whole ground. The girl could belong to neither of the white men till they should reach the Ohio, and then their scalps should be counted and the matter finally settled.

"The brothers of the Fox are wise, and he bows to their will!" replied the cunning Blodget; "let the Buffalo do the same and yield up the girl to their possession!"

The principal chief now advanced to Methoto and said:

"My brother is holding what is not yet his own, and his brothers will take the prize in charge!"

"And let it run away, as they did before!" grumbled Methoto, with a lowering brow.

"No, it shall be better guarded this time."

"Tell my brothers the squaw gave herself to the Buffalo, and he would rather take care of her."

"The warriors have already decided, and there is no need for more words!" rejoined the chief, rather sternly. "If the Buffalo would not get into trouble, he will now yield to their wishes and be silent!"

Finding the matter thus fully settled against him, Methoto sullenly yielded to the general demand. Placing Isaline on her feet, with a scowl and a sigh, he got up and walked away. The chief took her by the hand and led her up to the savage group, who stood waiting to see the result—she, pale as a ghost, uttering not a word, and moving forward as if mechanically.

Unbinding Tom and Henry, all except their hands, and placing them separately in the file, with Isaline in the rear, the Indians now resumed their triumphant march in the same direction they had fled before.

When they reached the place where they had left Hampton, and found him still secured to the tree, with the gag in his mouth, they uttered a few joyous whoops, and all who had taken fresh scalps paid him special attention by slapping the gory trophies in his face.

"You see I'm a prophet!" said Blodget to him, with a brutal laugh; "for I told you, you know, we'd use up the Kentuckians, and we've done it! Only two or three of them got away, and all the rest that are alive you see here in the shape of a couple of your friends."

"Don't call me the friend of sich a —— slinking coward as him!" growled Tom, who happened to be standing within a few feet of the treacherous villain.

"Almost my own words to him, when he had the impudence to call me his friend sometime ago!" laughed Blodget.

It would be hard to find a more miserable wretch than Hampton was now, as he turned his dark eyes from one to the other of the persons around him, and saw no pity in any face, with the exception, perhaps, of that of the girl he had so deeply wronged, and whose now sad, sorrowful features seemed to have sympathy with all that suffered.

Unbinding Hampton from the tree and taking the gag from his mouth, the Indians placed him in the file, in the same manner as the others, and again resumed their triumphant march.

In something like an hour they came in sight of their horses, plunder and guard; and then they stopped and gave a series of halloos, one for each scalp and prisoner, and followed these with a few short, sharp yells of joyous triumph. These were joyously answered by the guard; and then succeeded two long, dismal howls, announcing that two of the wounded warriors, left in their charge, had since breathed their last.

This suddenly changed the rejoicing to mourning and rage; and as the savages hurried forward and looked at the dead bodies of their comrades, some of the fiercest and least thoughtful were for despatching the prisoners at once. A consultation was held to decide their fate, and all the cunning address of Blodget was required to save them.

"Let my brothers be wise," he said, "and not now, in a moment of passion, destroy those who may afford us much amusement when we reach our homes. The brave dead fought well and have been amply avenged. Their enemies' scalps, in large numbers, are now dangling at our girdles, while not a single scalp have the Long Knives† to show in return. The friends of the braves who are gone will wail for them; and their living brothers should give them the means to rejoice by presenting them with prisoners for the tortures."

His words produced a marked effect on the minds of the savage group, and, his purpose being ably seconded by the chiefs, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his point carried unanimously.

The Indians, having destroyed or vanquished those who had directly followed and attacked them, now felt perfectly secure, not dreaming there were still larger parties of the whites roving through the country which stretched between their westward trail and the Ohio. They felt, however, they had ventured enough for the present; and, loaded with plunder and covered with glory, they were resolved to begin their homeward march, to enjoy the gratulations of their friends for the triumphs they had so bravely won. But there was no need of haste, they reasoned, and so everything was leisurely done. First they buried their dead, and did what they could for the only wounded sufferer remaining. He had been shot in the side, but appeared not to be mortally wounded, and was able to sit a horse. They next prepared their midday meal, and gave the prisoners all they wanted. Isaline took hers, but scarcely tasted it; Hampton and Henry ate only a little; but Tom devoured enough for three ordinary men—carelessly remarking to Blodget, with his mouth full of the tender, well-toasted meat:

"I've seed worse cooks nor these red ni—a—a—Injuns—and I've got a holler in me you could chuck a ox into—yes, sir!"

"Fill it then," laughed the decoy, "for you won't always have so good a chance perhaps!"

"Jest what I'm a thinking on!" mumbled the fearless borderer; "me and you come to p'ints amazing! Woofh! whar's the use? Ax Hampton ef his jawrs is sore chawing that thar stick?"

"You're a trump, by ——!" rejoined Blodget, with another laugh and a friendly slap of the woodman's broad shoulder; "and when I get you home to our village, I'll do what I can for you!"

"Ef you ever does, you sneaking slink of the devil!" thought Tom, as he looked at the other with a pleasant grin, which, it must be confessed, was very far from conveying a true idea of the state of his feelings. "Nothing like playing possum when a feller's got nothing better to do!" mentally pursued Tom. "I'll live to fix this yere white nigger yit!"

Having finished their meal and smoked their pipes, the Indians resumed their journey to the northward, intending to avoid all fortified settlements and get out of the country as quietly as possible. By adopting this course—which they did without any knowledge that a division of the whites had struck across the wilderness to head them off—the chances were more than a thousand to one—in fact almost infinite—that the savages would escape without being molested by any armed body of their foes; and this Tom comprehended, with a mental groan, when subsequently informed by Blodget of their design.

The larger part of the Indians rode their captured horses; but all the prisoners, with the exception of Isaline, were compelled to go afoot—though they were not loaded with burdens, as was not unusual in a march of this kind—the plunder, which was considerable in bulk, being placed on the backs of a few of the quieter animals. Isaline, as on a previous occasion, was mounted in front of a fierce-looking savage, but was respectfully treated and without abuse. Her feelings, and those of Henry—as, stripped nearly naked, he was forced over the roughest ground, with here and there a sharp stick and stone lacerating his naked feet—we must leave to lovers to imagine. Both were thankful, however, that the life of the other had been spared, and that as yet they had not been separated. What the future might have in store for them, it was terrible to conjecture; but as in their hour of happiness, so in their hour of misery, they silently and secretly prayed to Him who alone had the power to deliver them from the hands of their enemies and bring them together in safety and joy. Blodget rode a part of the time and a part of the time walked; but Methoto, having got possession of a horse, seemed little disposed to yield it up to any one, even for a brief time. He had nothing to say; but, with his brow clouded and a wicked light in his eye, he kept steadily along, brooding over his dark thoughts, and secretly calculating the chances of carrying out a design he had already imperfectly formed—a design which concerned Isaline, and was destined to bring about some strange and startling events.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The sun had set, and the first shadows of the coming night were beginning to steal over the forest, when the Indians came to a halt in a wild, romantic spot, on the bank of a little stream, and prepared to encamp. It was now that Methoto, in a careless manner, rode up alongside of the warrior having charge of Isaline, and said, in a quiet, ordinary tone:

"Does my brother think this a safe place for our night-camp?"

"Does the Buffalo know of any danger?" asked the other.

"No! but would it not be safer on higher ground?" queried Methoto.

"Our scouts can pass the night on the surrounding hills!" observed the savage.

"Waralothe is wise!" rejoined Methoto; "and if he thinks it safe here, the Buffalo is content. A fine horse Waralothe has under him!" he pursued, riding up still closer and patting the beast on the neck; "he carries two as if they were but one."

The Indian granted assent, and slid down from his back, on the side farthest from Methoto. At the same moment the white savage glanced quickly around him and saw that the other Indians had all dismounted. Some were near him, but the majority were several yards distant. Then it was that Methoto acted with remarkable quickness and decision. Suddenly throwing his right arm around Isaline, just as her guard was about to take hold of her, he drew her to him, with the power of a giant, and, striking his high-spirited animal and giving a loud yell, dashed suddenly away. Isaline uttered a wild scream of terror; and the savages, the instant they comprehended the audacious truth, also gave loud vent to their rage, discharged some of their pieces at random, and sprung after the flying fugitives, some remounting their horses and some running on foot.

They might as well have followed the wind. Methoto rode for life, and night soon came on to put an end to the vain pursuit. One by one the warriors returned, angry and sullen.

Blodget was so enraged at the loss of the girl and the triumph of his foe, that he threw himself down on the ground, rolled and howled, and then got up and beat Hampton with his fists till he was tired. Then he cut a stout switch, and was proceeding to serve Henry still worse, when the whole camp was startled with that strange, wild, prolonged, quavering shriek so often heard before. It did not appear to be far distant, for it was loud and shrill, and seemed to be floating in the air, so that some of the superstitious and awe-struck warriors looked up, half expecting to see the Evil Spirit in a terrible form. It was three times repeated, and then all became still till the howling of a few wolves broke the gloomy silence. Blodget threw down his stick, walked away, and sat down, looking pale and frightened.

"Did not our assembled wisdom decide that whoever should harm the white squaw should himself come to harm?" observed one of the chiefs, with a superstitious solemnity. "One ran off with her, perhaps for evil, and the watching spirit sent him back to our hands a prisoner. Now Methoto has gone, but let us not envy his fate!"

Ah! how was it with poor Henry when he found that Isaline had been carried off by that terrible being who in his wild passions he fancied was more to be dreaded than the native savages? And he to see her go, and hear her shriek for help, and yet remain a bound and helpless prisoner, without even the feeble consolation of being able to start in pursuit! When we sometimes learn of great calamities bringing suddenly the most crushing weight of grief and misery upon a single human being, we wonder how the awfully afflicted individual can bear up under it and live; but we must consider that the God of Nature has kindly provided for this by a stupefaction of the senses. As only a certain amount of physical pain can be borne without that loss of consciousness which deprives the patient of sensible suffering, so also of mental anguish. To the first keen, piercing pang, there often succeeds a dull, heavy stupor, which saves the sufferer from insanity and death. It was thus with Henry Colburn in the present instance. At first he felt as if he must shriek out his very life—as if his very soul must tear asunder its bonds of clay and be free—and then a dull, heavy stupor stole over him; and he lived on, with a dim comprehension of the horrible truth—with a sense of some great misery weighing him down—but, along with this, an irresistible desire to put aside all thought, and sleep, and be at rest forever more.

The Indians did not now feel altogether safe where they were, and set a strong guard on the hills around their camp. The night, however, passed away without anything to excite fresh alarm. The wolves howled around them more or less, it is true; and there were other gloomy sounds, belonging to the forest; but these were not the things to keep the warriors from their sleep. Most of them slept soundly. So also, strange as it might seem but for our explanation, did Henry, though painfully bound, and in the midst of his foes, with the being he loved above all others in the hands of a wretch capable of the most terrible crimes. Rough Tom, too, slept some; but he often awoke with a start, and cursed the bonds that kept him from an attempt at freedom. As for Hampton, he scarcely closed his eyes. Wearied, bound and bruised, with aches and pains all over him and a hell within, with the consciousness that he was ruined, and that all he suffered had been brought upon himself by his own wicked plans and deeds, he was now experiencing some of the torments he so richly deserved.

At the first streak of day Blodget roused the Indians and harangued them. He set forth, with all the eloquence of which he was master, the heinousness of Methoto's offence in deserting them and carrying off their fair prisoner; said they would be forever disgraced if they permitted him to escape, and begged that a part of them at least might be sent with himself in pursuit of the treacherous villain. He was warmly opposed by some and as warmly seconded by others. The more prudent thought the risk of dividing their small force too great for the purpose to be gained, even should success attend their efforts, which was more than doubtful; that, being in the country of the enemy, from whom they had won so much glory and plunder, they ought to be contented with what they had and push forward and cross the Ohio as soon as possible—more especially as they were leaving a broad trail behind them, and might still be rapidly pursued by overwhelming numbers. Under any other circumstances, Blodget would have been the last to urge pursuit and incur the delay and peril which must attend it; but now he was too insane on that one point to reason with his usual shrewdness and cunning. He had set his heart upon having Isaline at any cost; and he could not endure the thought that she was not only lost to him, but that he had been robbed of her by one he had already begun to hate, and who would in effect triumph over him by her possession. So he continued to urge and plead, assisted by some of the fiercest and boldest spirits, till at last he had the satisfaction of finding his request granted, though granted with great reluctance and much warning.

Six of the best and bravest warriors were selected to accompany Blodget; and as soon as the morning repast was over, they were ready to bid adieu to their comrades and set out on their uncertain and perilous venture. Before he left, Blodget went to each of the prisoners—for such was the meanness of his nature that he could not bear to part from them without a few annoying and tantalizing words.

"My dear fellow," he said to Hampton, with mock sympathy, "you're looking rather the worse for wear! I am inclined to fear you didn't rest well last night!"

"I did not sleep at all!" groaned the haggard villain.

"Strange!" said Blodget, with a sorrowful air; "and I'm at a loss to account for it. It could not have been the bed, for where could you find a better? You really must have had something on your mind! Well, cheer up! You're going home among your *friends*, you know, and they'll take such tender care of you. I'm sorry I've got to leave you; but the fact is, I'm going after the girl; and when I get her back, and get her home, we'll have *such* a wedding! and something *hot* to cheer you, for I know you must be fond of something *hot!* There, my dear fellow, I know what you'd say, for I can see you're brimful of gratitude; but no thanks, I beg of you—no thanks!"

"Mr. Blodget," said Hampton, with a groan, and in a pleading tone, "I know you are a gentleman not devoid of kindness; and now that I have been so severely punished, will you not forgive me—at least a little—and loosen these cords that are cutting into my wrists?"

"Shall I loosen the other prisoners' too? or only yours?" asked Blodget, with a sly twinkle of his dull, leaden eyes.

"Only mine, Mr. Blodget—only mine!" answered Hampton.

"You don't care for the others then, do you?"

"No, I don't care how much they suffer, for they deserve it!"

"Their cords don't hurt *you* any, do they?" grinned the decoy.

"No, not in the least."

"Well," rejoined Blodget, "yours don't hurt me any; and so why should I care more for you than you do for the others? You're a clever fellow, Hampton; but I'm afraid you're too selfish, and lack Christian charity. By-by! and don't forget to say your prayers!"

As Blodget coolly and mercilessly turned away to the next, Hampton fairly gnashed his teeth in helpless rage.

Henry, as we have said, had slept heavily through the night, owing to the stupor brought on by his overwhelming grief; but with the full return of consciousness, came back a full sense of his misery, and his mental sufferings no pen or tongue may ever portray. Pale, haggard and crushed, he was sitting with his head dropped upon his breast when Blodget came up and addressed him.

"Well, my friend, how fare matters with you?" said that devilish villain, seizing him by the hair and bringing the head back with a jerk. "Ah! laughing, I see, as usual. You were so amused when Methoto ran off with your girl, that I was afraid you'd kill yourself laughing, and you haven't got over it yet I find. Capital, wasn't it? For your sake I'm almost tempted to let him go—for no doubt the two of them will have a delightful time together, and I'd like to do all I can to please you; but unfortunately I want the girl myself, for we're engaged to be married, and so I'm going to seek her. I can't bear to leave you, for I'm afraid you won't get on well without me; but then I hope to get through in time to overtake you before you get to our village. In case I shouldn't, however, I'll see you there, and you shall dance at my wedding. By-by, my dear friend—by-by—and I'll tell the sweet girl you sent her a kiss, and give it to her for you!"

While this devil was speaking, Henry strove to keep down his temper and appear unmoved, well knowing how worse than useless it would be to show anger and so increase the triumph of his deadly foe; but Blodget's allusions to poor Isaline almost drove him mad; and in spite of all the Stoical philosophy he could bring to his aid, his face grew pale and red by turns, his ashen lips quivered, the veins on his forehead swelled and stood out like whip-cords, and large beads of perspiration gathered all over his agonized features. Had Blodget continued his tortures, he might have driven him insane; and had Henry's hands been free, it is more than probable he would have struck the villain dead at his feet. All this Blodget saw and understood; and though he rejoiced in the tortures he inflicted, it was no part of his scheme to overthrow his victim's reason—for then he would be beyond his power of tormenting, and an object of commiseration with the Indians—who, barbarous as they were, superstitiously respected what they believed the Great Spirit had touched; and besides, he felt that he had no more time to waste. He therefore turned to the rough woodsman—who, having heard his remarks to the others and especially to Henry, was trying to keep his rage concealed and appear indifferent—and said, with something perhaps of sincerity:

"Tom, I'm going to leave you for a while, to try and see if I can catch that devil Methoto and get back the girl; but I have told the Indians to let up on you as much as they safely can, and not treat you too harshly. I think you're hands are tied rather tighter than they need be, and you needn't be surprised if your captors loosen them a little."

"Thank 'e!" answered Tom; "and I'm not the nigger to forgit all your *kindness*. I hopes you'll git the gal and fotch her back safe, and guv that devil as tuk her what he oughter bev!"

The last sentence at least was sincerely spoken—for the return of Isaline, even as the prisoner of such a villain as Blodget, was in Tom's opinion a less cruel doom for her than being left alone in the hands of such a human beast as Methoto; and moreover there seemed a possibility that he might sooner or later effect his escape; and if she were known to be with the Indians, she should be rescued, if it were to take half the men in Kentucky to do it.

"I'll have the girl yet!" said Blodget, with a braggart air; "and what's more, I'll wash my hands in the heart's blood of her captor!"

With this he strode off proudly, and joined the Indians who were to accompany him; and shortly after, the prisoners saw the party for the uncertain venture glide off through the forest and disappear.

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Henry, as he still sat with his head bowed to his breast; "how much can a human being endure and live? At what point of unspeakable woe does the heart break or reason desert her throne?"

"Never say die, my brave friend!" returned Tom, in a low tone; "thar'll so'thing turn up yit. The Devil haint got everything his own way yit, or else whar's the use? No, sir! Woofh!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Canary-Bird at Home.

"When I saw it first in its native woods," says a late traveller, "I could scarcely recognize it as the same species as our domestic yellow warbler, so much is the latter altered by domestication and repeated crosses. The native bird is gray on the wings, the belly is green, and the back a very dark gray. It builds on bushy trees or high shrubs, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and sometimes hatches six times in a season. I was surprised to find that each flock has a different song. The note is between that of the skylark and nightingale. The natives assert that the bird is very difficult to rear, and generally dies in a couple of years if kept in a cage.

THE CREOLES.—The term Creole is a corruption of the Spanish *Criollo*, which signifies one born in America or the West Indies, of European ancestors. An erroneous idea prevails in many places that a Creole must have in his veins admixture, greater or less, of negro blood. This, so far from being true, is entirely wrong. In the far South and in Cuba the term is applied only to those who are of French or Spanish descent, and it is the proudest boast of these people that they are Creoles. In the British West Indies the term is applied indiscriminately to all colors, and the native blacks are called Creole (or West Indian) negroes, to distinguish them from those brought from Africa by the slavers.

☞ DISABLED SOLDIERS.—Dr. Howe, Chairman of the Board of State Charities, opposes the establishment of a State Home or Asylum for soldiers, and argues that the money to be expended in their behalf should be given directly to them. He thinks it better to "have five hundred maimed veterans stumping about the towns and villages of Massachusetts, living partly by their work, than shut up in the costliest and best structure that art could plan or money build."

* Shawanoese for Fox—the Indian name of Blodget.

† A name originally applied to the Virginians by the Indians, and afterwards used by them to designate the border whites indiscriminately.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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Four copies, "		8.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

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We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

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☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

The demand for the numbers of THE POST containing Mr. Bennett's story, having exhausted the edition of the first six papers of the year, we have concluded to issue a SUPPLEMENT, the size of the whole paper, in which we will give the first THIRTEEN CHAPTERS of

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

This is the next best thing we can do to dating back new subscriptions to the first of the year.

All new subscribers hereafter will receive the SUPPLEMENT *gratis*, and their subscriptions will be commenced with the number of February 17th, *until the Supplement also is exhausted.*

This amounts to giving away a whole paper for nothing to new subscribers, but we do not see any other good mode of supplying the back chapters of Mr. Bennett's splendid story to those who wish to procure them.

Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The contribution by G. M. is respectfully declined.

MR. DEMPSTER.

The recent concert of this gifted vocalist was well attended. Mr. Dempster was in good voice, and sung with his usual effect, that class of songs which seems to be in peculiar harmony with his voice and spiritual characteristics. We learn that Mr. Dempster designs going West as far as Chicago—and may perhaps sing in some of the principal towns on his way. He hopes to give another concert in Philadelphia, before returning to England.

THE ALLEGED CATTLE DISEASE.

After careful inquiry, the Committee of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society have been unable to ascertain any authentic instance of the existence of a disease among farm stock like that which is producing so much distress in England. They report, indeed, that the cattle of Montgomery and Bucks counties are more than ordinarily healthy, and they pronounce the report of the existence of any malady of extraordinary malignancy entirely unfounded. Cattle, like men, have their ailments at all times, but at present there is not even the ordinary average of disease among American cattle.

CONVINCING PROOF THAT THE SATURDAY EVENING POST IS A GOOD PAPER.—If any one has ever doubted the truth of the fact that the POST is a *good* paper, the following letter from the publisher of the "Kansas Jeffersonian" should convince him:—

"*Dear Sir:*—Please send me your 'Supplement' containing the first part of 'The Phantom of the Forest.' I get the numbers of THE POST in exchange, and file them—but a villainous little prairie dog I have in the office, became hungry one day, and ate them up. Yours very truly,

"PUB. 'KANSAS JEFFERSONIAN.'"

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

POVERTY.

"Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell, where shall I find forms of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits?"

Thus said the unhappy Burns, and he knew perhaps better than any one else all the horrors that spring from a too great intimacy with the cold, gaunt demon. A wife and five children, an exciseman off duty, with salary reduced from fifty to thirty-five pounds a year—no wonder he should speak forcibly.

What a contrast! the sweet poet, whose songs were destined to live as long as the English language shall endure, too ill to work, too poor to live without it, his last days embittered by poverty, while thousands with not a tenth part of his brain, nor a thousandth part of his soul, were rolling in wealth, dying peaceably in their beds, and moaning perchance with pious horror at the ills and errors into which circumstance more frequently perhaps than inclination so often drove the unhappy poet. Why is it we often ask that genius is so pressed by poverty? Is the mind of man so fashioned that it cannot make its highest flight unless goaded on by necessity? Burns is not the only instance of penury that has come down to us, calling a tear of pity as we think of all they must have endured.

Oh, at what a fearful cost is fame purchased, to think of a man like Edmund Burke feeling the ordinary inconvenience of straightened circumstances. But one says, "Burke ought to have earned his income in an honest calling." Perhaps he ought, I am not here to vindicate him—I only know him as a man of genius fettered by poverty.

Lord Erskine was at one time a poor, needy author, selling a political book for fifteen pounds. Crabbe, buoyed up with the hope of bettering his fortunes, went to London with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with but three pounds in his pocket.

This trifle being soon expended the deepest distress awaited him. There was no imposing name to recommend his writings, and an attempt to publish himself only involved him more deeply in difficulty. His poverty became known to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence could be expected from them. He had paid his last dollar, and was threatened with prison. In this extremity he ventured to apply to Burke. With no introduction but his own letter, no recommendation but his distress, he applied, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Burke took him at once to his own home and introduced him to Reynolds, Johnson and others, whose friendship was of signal service to him.

Fichte was as much distressed when he wrote to Kant, offering as security for a loan his honor and integrity as a man. Kant considered this sufficient, and the money was freely given.

Wycherly became so much reduced that he was forced to beg; his publisher even, who had been enriched by his works, refusing to lend him seventy pounds, knowing of course his inability to refund it.

Stow, the antiquarian, became so poor, that he obtained the consent of James the first to go "a begging" through thirty-six counties, and actually carried a paper drawn up, signed, and sealed by the king "to all archbishops, bishops, deans," &c.

At times the pecuniary affairs of William Penn were so deranged that he was afraid of his creditors.

Bishop Hall suffered so much from poverty and harsh treatment, that he wrote a book of complaint, called "Hard Measure."

At Bologna is a manuscript of the "Images of Philostrates," in the handwriting of Michael Aspostolicus, a Greek refugee, from Constantinople, with this inscription:—"The king of the poor of this world wrote this book for bread."

Tharlakser said of himself—"Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters save two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below is only known to Him who joined us together."

Marmontel assures us that he lived for eight months on fifteen pounds that he received of a publisher for his translation into French of Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

Ulrick Von Sutton, one of the greatest writers that Germany ever produced, begged his way from door to door, and when denied shelter, slept on the bare ground. He died when only thirty-six, leaving nothing except his pen.

Saint Simon was so pinched by poverty, that during the whole of a severe winter he denied himself fuel, in the hope of being able to defray the expenses of publication, living on bread and water; and even selling his clothes to defray the expense of copying his work. One day his courage forsook him, and he attempted to take his life. He was not successful, however—and the next day found him at his labor with renewed hope.

Ben. Jonson's last days were passed in poverty. While Spenser died for lack of bread in King street.

Llorente, once a Canon at Toledo, and a Privy Counselor at Madrid, was so poor while in Paris, that one night he hired himself out to watch a dead man's body. The matchless Camöens was compelled to wander through the streets a wretched dependent on casual contribution. But one friend he claimed, and this was Antonio, his slave. This faithful attendant was accustomed to seek aid through Lisbon, but with little success. Camöens sank beneath the pressure of want, and died in the almshouse.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating bertha, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with basque, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Festus—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost;" the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters so winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TEMPORAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST; OR, REASON AND REVELATION. By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

AN ETERNICON, In a Letter to the Author of "The Christian Year." By E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

GUN-COTTON FOR SPORTING.—The experiments made under government authority to test gun-cotton, though not yet successful with great guns, have led to encouraging results with small-arms. Cartridges of gun-cotton can now be manufactured which command a range as great as that of powder, and without injury to the rifle, even after firing two thousand rounds. Moreover, certain special advantages are claimed for gun-cotton; it creates but little smoke; it does not foul the barrel, and the "kick," or recoil, is much less than with powder. This being the case, we are not surprised to hear from Gen. Sabine, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the subject, that gun-cotton cartridges have been largely in demand for sporting purposes during the past shooting-season.—*English paper.*

GERMAN EMIGRATION.—95,000 Germans sailed last year for the United States, chiefly from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen; and it is expected that the number will be doubled this year. Political dissatisfaction is perhaps the motive for this multitudinous forthgoing.

In connection herewith, it is noteworthy that Professor Welcker, well known in German literature, has offered a reward of one thousand florins for the best essay on the way to get rid of a government without a revolution—that is, of a government which sets itself systematically to violate the constitutional rights of the people.

☞ January had two full moons this year, March will have two, and February has been left with none. This phenomenon has not occurred before since the creation, and will not again, according to astronomers, in two and a half millions of years. By that time the moon will probably have fulfilled its mission.

☞ A division of Oregon is agitated, which will give that state all west of the Cascade Mountains, and lying between California and British Columbia, and form a new state or territory east of the Cascades, out of the territory which would be detached by the Cascade line from Oregon and Washington.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

Accidental Acquaintances—Making Red Friends—Aricaumans—An Indian Town—Indian Welcome—Hospitality—Introduction—Interesting Ceremony.

It was to accident that we were indebted for an acquaintance with a country and people, of which and whom there has been very little told us, and of which it is probable no previous wanderer in the far south has ever made more than a very superficial observation.

One evening during our sojourn in Santiago, it happened that O'Harra, Cator, Senor Montiero and our Swedish botanist, in their drifting about, came upon a party of Chileno outlaws who had set upon four chiefs of the Aricauman Indians, who as was afterwards ascertained had about their persons a considerable amount in gold, the purpose of the *ladrones* being first robbery—murder being always incidental and a secondary consideration.

The chiefs were defending themselves bravely, but they were largely outnumbered—two of them were rather severely hurt, and they would soon have went under entirely, but for the providential appearance of our four rovers, who taking sides with the weaker party, set their revolvers at work upon the outlaws to such purpose that in less than five minutes three of the rascals were down and past doing any further mischief in this world, three more were incapacitated for either fighting or running away, while the remainder ran as these southern semi-barbarians invariably do, if they can, before northern resolution and a revolver.

The Aricauman chiefs were rescued from an uncomfortable position, conducted to our headquarters, the hurts of the wounded men carefully dressed by our M. D.s, Bond and Rosaire, the women of our party were demonstrative in their kind offices, and the southern savages learned to their utter amazement that there were white men and women in the world who were practically a great deal better Christians than those of South America, whom to hate with all the intensity of their savage natures was traditional, and a part of their very existence.

Intuitively the red men had learned that our friendship was real, disinterested, and unreservedly they tendered us their own in return. When they learned that our journey was to be to the southward, they insisted upon our visiting their people at home, and were only content when we had given them our promise that we would do so. Then they assured us that we should find the Aricaumans all friends, and we should be shown more of their country, people, customs and productions than strangers had ever seen.

When we had progressed so far southward that the northern portion of the Aricauman territory lay to the left—just how far distant we were not definitely advised, though some of the wandering vagabonds of no nationality, whom we questioned, answered: "*Yo nao se—ne pareci trients leagos, mais ou minos,* (I don't know—I guess thirty leagues, more or less.) One evening, when we were going into bivouac at a much earlier hour than usual, we were surprised by a sudden incursion of mounted red men—a cavalcade of thirty, or about that number, of magnificent looking fellows splendidly mounted, every Indian of them roaring out with all his might of lungs: "*Amigos! Amigos! Amigos todos grands.* (Friends!—Friends!—All great friends.) Then as their leader waved vigorously a white flag, and we recognized him as one of the chiefs wounded by the robbers and cared for by us at Santiago, of course we were in no wise alarmed or disconcerted, and there were forthwith much welcoming and glad greeting between us and our red friends.

Neither friends or enemies can by any possibility approach very near to the country of these red Romans of the far south, without the Aricaumans themselves being apprised of their coming. Outriders and fleet footed videttes had many hours previously advised the red chiefs of our proximity, and Annatan, our friend-chief, whom we had known at Santiago, had thus ridden to meet us with his staff of Aricauman braves, and to conduct us to his town, which lay to the eastward, less than five leagues distant.

We were easily persuaded, and so, instead of going into bivouac, we went expeditiously to saddle again, and a most delightful moonlight ride we had, through a lovely, picturesque country, our pretty senoras mingling promiscuously among the red warriors, riding stirrup to stirrup, chatting familiarly and always ridiculously loud, in *Quicha*, French, Dutch, Italian and English, all inexplicably tangled into absolute jargon. Spanish was omitted, knowing the Aricaumans' utter hatred of everything Spanish, and every woman of them all falling into the popular delusion that one can make another who is ignorant of his or her vernacular, understand quite clearly by bawling like a crazy fireman.

So we went on, all greatly amused during a two hours' easy ride, and then we who claimed to be civilized Christians were very greatly surprised at being conducted into and through the broad, beautiful avenues of a miniature savage city that we could see by the brilliant light of an unclouded full moon, was as regularly built, and far neater in appearance than any town, either large or small, we had seen elsewhere in all our wanderings. There were no ten-story structures, marble palaces, or stately hotels, it is true—only modest, one-storied houses of *adobe*, concrete, or the peculiar wicker-plastered work of the southwest coast, with white gleaming walls, red tiled roofs, the buildings detached—standing singly, each in the midst of a small cultivated garden plot, narrower streets crossing the broad avenues at right angles, and everywhere order, neatness, and a profusion of beautiful shade trees.

It was still an early hour when we rode into the village, and though it is probable that we were to the inhabitants quite as great a curiosity as a troupe of Bedouin Arabs would be riding through the streets of any city in the United States, I do not believe ten Aricaumans other than our escort could have been found in the streets of the city of *Talimaupi*. Barbarians as they were, their sense of common decency taught them a great deal better manners than to stare strangers out of countenance in the public streets. Certainly we did discover a great many dark, dusky features peering through partially closed jalousies, but that was quite admissible under the circumstances.

We were conducted to the centre of the town, to houses that had been vacated, and a half dozen of them hastily prepared for our accommodation. Having distributed ourselves to suit our own convenience, our escort withdrew, Annatan, the chief, having first assured us of an unconditional welcome by all his people, expressed a hope that we should find ourselves entirely comfortable, and concluded by saying that they should look for us to live three months in their country—they would be delighted if we would say *always*, and the Aricaumans would pension us all, so that we should never want.

The red Indians had certainly been far more considerate of our wants than most Christians of any country would have been towards guests at so short notice. There were houses vacated, made clean, tidy and convenient, every luxury that their country afforded, thought of and provided, a profusion of the choicest viands prepared, food, drink, and secure enclosures were ready for our horses, and nothing that could in the least conduce to our comfort had been forgotten.

An exceedingly pleasant night was passed, and after breakfast on the following morning, we saw and made the acquaintance of the Aricaumans—male and female—old and young, of the city of *Talimaupi*.

I have no doubt that the Talimaupians, like humanity the world over, had just a little of the leaven of vanity in their hearts, and they were certainly justifiable in an ambition to appear in their best before strangers. It was greatly to their credit.

Everybody was out of doors, attired for the occasion, and anxious to pay their respects to their guests, whom they were going to do their best to make very distinguished. The introductory ceremonies could not have been more admirably arranged by the ablest *marshal de royal* in all Europe.

Arranged in two columns on foot, our party stood front facing each other in the middle of the avenue before our quarters, the space between our two lines being about four yards, and each line flanked by a squad of Chief Annatan's staff as a guard of honor, and then, between the two files, passed in review the inhabitants of the town, about eleven hundred in all, the aged men and women passing first in two columns, saluting to the right and left, taking each of our hands in succession, giving them a vigorous squeeze (not a shake,) then a close hug, a word or two in the way of welcome, and then—well, I confess the last ceremonial feature was very like as if it had been borrowed some time from abroad.

The embrace and blessing disposed of, there followed inevitably and always two, in some cases three and four, absolute, undisguised *kisses*, right on the lips. I believe I am not slandering Miss Edith Bond an atom in saying that as brave and handsome a young fellow as I ever saw in any country, actually patted the Baltimore beauty's fair, velvet cheek, and laid five red kisses upon her coral lips as devoutly as ever devotee laid his offering upon any shrine. And there was no shadow of evidence that the fair Edith was in the least offended by the extra savage civility.

As I have never seen in any country finer formed or handsomer featured men and women than a great many of the younger portion of our Auricauman friends were, and as there was not a really repulsive face belonging to our party, I am not quite positive that there was not considerably more embracing and kissing, major-generally and promiscuously, than even Indian etiquette demanded. However, it was all very pleasant, no one objected, and Kate O'Harra, the little barbarian, hoped we should remain among the savages at least six months, and visit a very large town every day or two.

So we became acquainted with our red friends, and very sociable, though there was many a ludicrous hitch in all sorts of conversation, owing to the Indians' utter detestation of Spanish, though they all had a smattering of it—and our own knowledge of the *lingua franca* of southern Chile, the *Quicha patois* or the Aricauman dialect, being too limited to permit of any consecutive conversation being maintained more than three minutes without a mutual resort to the hated tongue.

Considering that so very nearly nothing is known of this noble, interesting race of red freemen and their fine country, perhaps the reader will submit to a sketch or two more descriptive of what we saw and learned among the South American Aricaumans. I shall endeavor to interest, amuse and instruct.

How to Stop a Runaway Horse When Riding Horseback.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says:—

The following is a certain and infallible mode of effectually preventing any horse from running away with his rider, even if he takes the bit between his teeth, no matter whether the rider be a child, lady, boy or man. I have tried it and proved it and have taught it to a large number of friends these forty years. It is simply this:—When your horse attempts to run away with you, or is going faster than you wish and you cannot stop him by pulling the reins, you can most certainly turn him round by grasping both reins in one hand and drawing them towards you until you have shortened them to the withers of your horse, then press them down firmly on the withers and hold them fast there; then with the other hand reach forward and take hold of one rein (on the same side) and draw it gently outward and toward you; this will force the head of the horse to that side and tangle his feet, to prevent which and save himself from tripping, he will turn to the side on which you are pulling the one rein, and by continuing the pulling of the rein outwards he must and will turn in a circle, without any forward motion. As long as you hold the reins down on his withers and pull as above stated on one rein, you can keep him turning round and round much to his astonishment. Under this management he cannot, from the tangling of his fore-feet, go one step forward and of course cannot run away. He is effectually stopped. One thing must be attended to, which is, that when the horse is under full headway the single rein must be pulled very cautiously at first and slowly, and not suddenly and too forcibly, the horse and most probably the rider will be thrown down, by the sudden tangling of the horse's fore feet.

I have thrown horses, fortunately without hurting myself, by pulling the one rein too suddenly and forcibly after the horse had got under too great headway. After a horse has been subjected to this mode of treatment for a short time, there is no danger of his running away, for the moment he finds his rider drawing up the reins and pressing on his withers he knows that the next thing will be, the pulling of one rein and his being compelled either to be thrown down or be turned round. With a snaffle bit and spurs any one who can ride can in this way manage any runaway or fractious horse. I never saw it fail.

J. A. D.

A Chapter on Soap.

For some years past I have found it extremely difficult to obtain soap as good as was in use twenty or thirty years ago. Then there were but two sorts, both of them good and strong; now my grocer has many varieties, all, perhaps, of better appearance, and certainly very much cheaper in price than formerly; but, judging from my own experience and the complaints of my friends, these advantages seem to have been acquired altogether at the expense of good quality.

Some kinds of modern soap have an irritating action upon the skin, and affect very injuriously both the material and color of the clothes. Some leave a disagreeable and lasting smell, and the skin feels dry and hot after using them; and this is especially the case with most of the fancy soaps, though looking pretty, and having a pleasant perfume in the cake. Some, hard enough to the touch, waste away in the water in very little time, and scarcely any, even among those sold to me as the best, have anything like the wear and useful working of the old-fashioned sorts.

Being often annoyed in this way, I took advantage of an opportunity which recently presented itself, to ask advice concerning the matter from a gentleman long ago connected with chemical and soap manufacture, who gave me the following information:

Before the year 1854 there was a heavy duty upon soap, and the Excise restrictions made adulteration to any great extent unprofitable if not impossible. With the entire removal of the duty the trade of soap-making became an open one, and then all sorts of expedients were tried to cheapen the cost of production, while at the same time making an article of equal or even better appearance. The effort has proved tolerably successful, and now (to use the words of a report only recently issued by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce) "spurious soaps, rivalling the best kinds in outward appearance, are very numerous, and great care is necessary in selecting a proper article." Nor, so long as the public remain deceived, will these spurious kinds of soap be wanting or cease to be prominent and various, seeing that the profit on the production far exceeds that yielded to the manufacturer of the genuine commodity. The cheapening of the price is, of course, in proportion to the degree of adulteration, variously effected by the superaddition of certain chemical salts and preparations of earthly matter, aided by the abundant use of cocoa-nut oil, which, besides combining readily with more extraneous substances, has the additional property of taking up and retaining excessive quantities of those strong caustic solutions which heat or burn the skin, damage clothes, and destroy their color. The extent to which salt, silicate, and various cheap impurities may be introduced, has scarcely any limit but the option of the manufacturer, regulated by the required degree of cheapness and the reservation of his own profit. The result may be a strange compound, as mischievous and destructive in use as any so-called "washing" or "soap powders" can be. The adulteration, indeed, consists simply of the introduction into soap itself of "soap substitutes," and what they are the Chamber of Commerce report describes, no doubt very accurately, thus: "They are as a class costly and injurious; seventy to eighty-five per cent. of water is to be found in some of them, the alkali being almost always in excess of the oils or fats. If the purchaser would only require a percentage analysis, he would see how really little is the available matter he buys under the designation of a substitute."

It is the use of cocoa-nut oil which imparts that long-lasting unpleasant odor and dryness to the skin, now so familiar almost to everybody, and generally so much disliked.

Much of the worst quality of soap is now-a-days made up into fanciful bars, squares, and tablets, bearing specious names, odors, and colors, and sold as scented. In this kind, above every other, are the public the most thoroughly and the most easily imposed upon, for they purchase at a high premium a bad article made still worse by the addition of further impurities in the shape of coloring and scent—the latter, the "perfume," too often being not any precious extract from roses of Cashmere, but the borrowed fragrance of a cheap liquid actually made from gas tar!

A writer on the subject of health in the February number of *Good Words* insists upon the beneficial use of soap in connection with the bath. After showing its service not only as a detergent but as an aid to nature in the lubrication of the skin, rendering it soft and supple, and as a counteraction to the acidity of perspiration, he significantly recommends "for this purpose the *common* and *coarse* kinds of soap, which are much more efficacious than most of those sold by perfumers." It would indeed be often grateful to have a pennyworth of this "common and coarse kind" substituted for the scented counterfeit now too commonly found in the soap-bowls of the bed-room. When will the heads of hotels and households learn as much?

A purely made soap, the product of a simple chemical operation, is not difficult to distinguish. It will not lack firmness nor be oversmooth; and on being cut through, a strong grainy, wavy, or feathery texture will be apparent. On the contrary, a soap smooth and shiny, excessively hard, and cutting plain as cheese, showing no trace of wave or feather, is *certainly* adulterated.

Color and hardness, of themselves, are no proper tests of quality; some of the very worst kinds being the hardest to the touch and the prettiest to the eye, whilst some of the most wholesome and serviceable of all may be an unattractive coarse-looking substance of a dull yellow, or even a darkish brown shade.

All pure household soap can be, in respect to color, but modifications of the appearance of the three primary sorts: pale yellow, stronger or deeper yellow (technically termed crown yellow), and brown. Any differing materially from these three standards—any, for example, excessively light (excepting always, of course, white curd soap), brighter, more brilliant, or decisive, or variegated, may be safely classed as impure.

One general and practicable means of test remains to be mentioned: it is the *price*, for "a pure soap cannot be a low-priced soap."

THE COST OF LIVING.—A committee of Bostonians recently visited Philadelphia, Albany and New York, with a view of inquiring into the comparative cost of living in those cities; and on their return home they reported that while the increased cost of living, compared with prices before the war, was 126 per cent. in Boston, in Philadelphia it was 150 per cent., and in Albany and New York much greater. As to whether living is as cheap now in Philadelphia as in Boston, the Boston committee are silent.

THE LITTLE COFFIN WREATHED WITH FLOWERS.

'Tis strange to note the dreary blank, the silence and the gloom,
The loss of but one baby life can cast upon a home,
When a tiny coffin wreathed in flowers is carried through the door,
And earth it hath one child the less,—Heaven one angel more.

Many may deem it over-wrought, who never had such grief,
To mourn with this impassioned love over a life so brief;
But in a thousand saddened homes, a thousand mothers know
These anguished throes of yearning love, this depth of speechless woe.

Time stills the burst of passionate grief, and bringeth thoughts of peace,
But, oh! no length of time can bid a *mother's* sorrow cease.
Though clasped by other childish arms, caressed by others, still
That vacant place beside her knee, none other e'er can fill.

And when at night the little ones their simple prayers have said,
And with a kiss she softly layeth each one within its bed,
Her heart unsatisfied will turn from every fond caress,
And long, if but for just once more, the sweet lost lips to press.

She looketh on the evil world, its sufferings and its sin,
And thinketh of God's paradise, her darling safe within,
And thanketh God with humble heart it did but live to know
The sunshine and the joy of earth, naught of its crime and woe.

But, ah! still, still within her heart there is an aching void,
And the hope she has in those who are left is chastened and alloyed;
The home can never be the same to her it was before
The little coffin wreathed with flowers was carried through the door.

Two Men and a Woman.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Yes, Phil, I think it my duty. The country need defenders, and who can go to its defence with less sacrifice than I? There's no one to care if I should fall, and—"

"No one, John?"

"Yes, old fellow, I know it would be a pretty bitter drop to you, but there's no one in the wide world, besides, who'd care a picayune."

"Have you quarrelled with Alice Hayden?"

"Quarrelled with an iceberg! No! I was talking with her last night, and she was all on fire when we spoke of the war; but when, seeing how enthusiastic she was, I told her I had resolved to volunteer to-day, instead of giving me the interest and sympathy I was fool enough to expect from her, she turned away with the greatest indifference, (we were walking up Maple street,) and, looking over her shoulder, said, 'What handsome horses! Judge Allen's, are they not? Yes, Mr. Elliott, you are one of those whose duty seems to be unmistakeable. With no ties to keep you at home, I think you ought to be one of the first to volunteer.' By that time we had reached her aunt's gate, and she said 'good-night,' very placidly, and went in without another word. So I went and put down my name the first thing this morning, and, before I left the office, orders came for all who had enlisted here to start for E—— to-morrow morning."

"Oh, John! If I could only go with you!"

At that moment the young men were joined by others, and there was no chance for further conversation, till, late in the evening, Elliott rushed into Fletcher's room, and seizing his friend in both arms, exclaimed:

"Congratulate me, Phil!"

"I do, John. Shoulder straps will become you."

"Pshaw! I don't mean that."

"What then?"

"Alice!— Why! do you know the reason she seemed so indifferent was that she was afraid of showing too much feeling?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Then, why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought it would sound sweeter from her lips than mine."

"Very considerate of you! What if I had gone without seeing her?"

"I knew you wouldn't."

"How did you know that? You couldn't have judged me by yourself, for I don't believe your heart ever throbbed a pulse the quicker for a woman in your life, and yet—I was foolish enough when you introduced me to Alice, to imagine that you had a weakness in that direction, and when I found that the business was done for *me*, I was actually afraid to tell you, till you accused me of it. You can't think what a relief it was to see you take it so coolly."

"Oh! you know I'm not a susceptible youth!"

This remark was made with a forced laugh, which Elliott, in the full tide of success, did not notice.

"I know you're not. But I must tell you my story. I was so vexed at Alice's coldness that I'd half a mind not to go near her to say good-bye; but, this evening, I thought I'd just walk by her aunt's house and see if I could catch a glimpse of her. She was standing at the gate, and I touched my hat as if I were going to pass without speaking, when she said, 'You surely are not going without bidding your friends good-bye, Mr. Elliott?' The word *friend* is one I can hardly use in the *plural*, I answered, rather bitterly, I suspect, for she held out her hand, and said: 'At all events, you must consider me your friend, and accept of my best wishes.' I fancied her voice trembled, and her little hand when I took it was cold as the snow-flake it looked like, so I took courage, and told her I could not look upon her as a friend. She must be more or nothing—and—well! there's no need of telling all the particulars—the result is—we are engaged."

"And you have been standing at the gate ever since?"

"No—sitting on the piazza, till her aunt came to the door and said it was time to shut up the house. I thought it barely possible that a hint was intended, and acted accordingly; but, late as it was, I couldn't rest without telling you, Phil, for I knew my happiness would be yours."

"It shall be," was the answer, in a tone so quiet that its determination was not observed.

"Thank you, Phil! I told Alice I should leave her in your care, and she must call upon you for advice or assistance as if you were, in very truth, my brother. Did I say too much?"

"No, I accept the charge."

"Well, I must go and pack, for we start at daylight. You'll see me off?"

"I'll go home with you, John, and stay till you leave."

"That's like you, Phil!"

And so the packing was done, an hour's sleep snatched, and the early start taken. Close at John Elliott's side walked Philip Fletcher, as the regiment marched to the depot, and as they passed Alice Hayden's window, and a little knot of ribbon fluttered down, his hand picked it up, and fastened it to John's breast.

"It shall remind me of her and of you, Phil," John whispered.

The depot reached, that hardest of hard words—"good-bye"—was said, and Fletcher found himself alone, with the words—"Remember the charge I leave you!"—ringing in his ears.

It was a charge he was in no danger of forgetting, for there had been a time when he had hoped that Alice Hayden might be his charge for life.

Few men are trained in such a school of self-sacrifice as had been Philip Fletcher. In childhood, a blind sister had claimed his devotion. In youth, his college course had been interrupted by a summons home, on the death of his father, who, dying insolvent, left his invalid wife and blind daughter to Philip's care. The daughter, however, did not long survive the shock of her father's death. Of course, a return to college was out of the question, though John Elliott, rich and without relatives, entreated that his fortune might be made common property between them. Since the days of David and Jonathan, friendships such as that existing between these two have been rare. It was the growth of years—the accumulated treasure of childish tenderness, youthful fervor and manly strength; but Philip would not accept such a favor, even from such a friend, so he gathered up the fragments of his father's business, and slowly plodded on, while John graduated with brilliant honors, and made the tour of Europe.

During his absence, Philip met Alice Hayden. He was no dreamer, but, in occasional hours of reverie over his cigar, he had pictured to himself the woman who now stood before him "a dream fulfilled." She satisfied him wholly with her spiritually lovely face, her cultured mind, and her true woman's heart, and, as no one in the circle of her acquaintance seemed to please her better than himself, he began to hope, not unreasonably, that she might learn to love him. Then John Elliott came, with his melancholy eyes, and bronzed face and beard—"came, saw, and conquered." A month had not elapsed from the time of his return, when Phil awoke to a realization of the fact that he and his friend loved the same woman. Then came a struggle that ended in his withdrawal from the lists—a withdrawal so quiet and gradual that no one dreamed of it as such. That was in the fall of '60—with the opening of '61 came troublous times; and, in the spring, war fell like a thunderbolt upon our land. When the President's call for men was published, Philip Fletcher's first impulse was to offer himself in answer to it. Patriotism was one of the strongest principles in his strong nature, and aside from love of country, any change would have been welcome at this time, but self and selfish inclinations must once more be set aside—and were. Phil stood and watched the train that bore his friend away, till it was out of sight. The sun had now risen, but was shrouded in dense fog—nothing more cheerless can be imagined. If he had been a woman, he would have relieved himself by "a good cry;" being a man, he lighted a cigar and took a walk. The days which followed were busy ones; he was thankful for that, but when the cares of the day were over, the lengthening twilights were almost intolerable.

John's letters came frequently, and the burden of each was "Alice." "Go and see her, Phil," the first one said, "It is a lonely life the poor child leads, and a sight of your dear old face will do her good." That evening Phil made his appearance at Miss Hayden's door, and inquired for her niece. Alice met him with a slight embarrassment, but it soon wore off, and, when he left her, she said, shyly, "Good-night, brother Phil!" The weeks lapsed into months, and the months rounded into a year. When spring came again, John wrote that he hoped soon to obtain a furlough. The day after the arrival of these welcome tidings came news of the bloody battle of Pittsburg Landing. John Elliott was in Grant's army, and it was with a terrible foreboding that Philip Fletcher read the bulletin that morning. He found time, during the day, to run in and say a few encouraging words to Alice, whom he found half wild with apprehension. Days of fearful suspense followed. The numbers of killed, wounded, and missing, were so large that it was long before anything like authentic lists could be made, and, unable to await with patience the slow progress of events, Phil wrote to John's colonel. It seemed ages before the answer came, and, even then, it brought no relief. John was "missing." So weeks passed, drawing lines around Phil's mouth, and blanching Alice's cheeks, but the end came at last.

Phil, sitting one day in his office, heard crutches slowly mounting the stairs. Starting to his feet, and tearing open the door, a blue uniform met his eyes, but the poor cripple wearing it was not John Elliott.

"Is this Mr. Fletcher's office?" he asked.

"Yes, I am Mr. Fletcher. Do you bring news?"

"Yes—but it's not good news," said the man, hesitatingly.

Phil turned and walked back into the office, dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The crutches followed slowly, their owner rubbing his hands across his eyes as he seated himself in silence. At last the bowed head was raised, and the white lips formed one word—"Dead?" A nod was the answer—then after a pause the soldier told his story. He fought beside Captain Elliott, and saw him fall.

"I stopped to see if I could do anything for him," he said, "but he told me he was past help, and only wanted to send a message to his friends. I promised to take it, if I lived, and he bade me to bring his watch to you," (laying it on the table,) "and this ring and a lock of his hair (I cut it off with my jack-knife,) to a young lady—he said you'd understand. Then his head fell back, and the next minute a ball took off my leg, and I've been in hospital ever since."

I would not describe Philip Fletcher's grief if I could. It was his lot to tell Alice the crushing tidings. She received them calmly—was icy calm for days—but nature revenged herself for this unnatural composure by prostrating her at last with brain fever. The disease raged long and fiercely, but it contended with a young, untried constitution, which triumphed in the end. During Alice's illness, Phil took the place of a brother, attending to the thousand commissions which sickness renders necessary, and spending night after night upon the sofa, in the parlor, to be at hand in case of any change. He experienced an intense satisfaction in performing the most trivial service for the girl. "John left her in my charge," he said to himself.

The last of the June roses were in blossom when Alice first left her room. Philip, coming in one day with some water-lilies, found her lying on the sofa. Her white face looked transparent as moonlight—the luxuriant curls were all gone—only a few golden waves lay about the pale forehead, and the sad eyes were almost lost in purple shadows. Dropping the lilies among the folds of her dress, he took in his both the hands she offered him, and she caught the whispered words—"Thank God he did not take you, too!"

"I wanted to go," she said, "but I suppose He had something for me to do first. You don't know how I have wanted to see you! John told me when I wanted advice to go to you as to a brother, may I?"

"If you will you will make me very happy," was the answer.

"Then I shall do so," she said, frankly. "As soon as I am able I must find something to do, and that is what I want your advice about."

"Something to do?"

"Yes—to earn money. Perhaps you do not know how poor we are. I have nothing. Aunt Mary has the use of this house during her lifetime, and a small annuity, enough for our support under ordinary circumstances, but my sickness has run us in debt—debt, which I feel it *my* duty to discharge."

"If you would let me—"

"I will let you help me find employment—nothing more. It will be better for me—better in every way."

"Perhaps you are right," Phil answered.

"I am sure of it. I must have something to occupy me—mind and body."

"What have you thought of?"

"Music, for one thing."

"Poor pay—except for fashionable teachers."

"A situation of some kind in the seminary is the only other thing which has occurred to me."

"That's much better, and I have some influence with the principal, Professor Greene. I will see him to-morrow. The school is about closing for the summer, and there will be likely to be some vacancies when the fall term opens. But will you have strength for it?"

"Yes, I shall gain strength faster for having some object in life."

Phil thought this true, and the next day opened negotiations with Professor Greene, which resulted in his offering Alice the charge of the primary department. The offer was gladly accepted, and, early in the autumn, she entered upon her new duties. Under other circumstances she would have found them irksome—now they were more than welcome, and she gave herself to her work with an abandon that delighted the old professor as much as her beauty pleased his son. Alice, however, had graver subjects of thought for her leisure hours than the attentions of the smitten youth. Her grief was ever present, and advancing autumn brought new anxieties. Miss Hayden, always a delicate woman, failed rapidly, and (the physician told Alice plainly) could not outlive the winter. She would have resigned her situation in order to devote herself wholly to her aunt, but this the latter would not allow, so, with heart and hands full, the girl worked bravely on. Phil was everything to her in those days. It wearied her to see other visitors, and she excused herself whenever it was possible, but he was always welcome. Was not their love one, their sorrow one? Their names began to be coupled in the town gossip, but neither heeded it. Miss Hayden, however, gave the subject more thought.

"Alice," said she, one day, "I wish you were going to marry Philip Fletcher."

"Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Alice, in vehement remonstrance, "I shall never marry. My heart is as wholly John's to-day as the day I gave myself to him."

"I know it, child, but you will need a protector one of these days, and I think if John could know it, it would please him to think you had his best friend to care for you."

A burst of tears was Alice's only answer, and the subject was never resumed. Miss Hayden was rarely able to converse after that, and Alice was thankful when the holidays brought her leisure to give her aunt more tender care than that of a hired nurse. The day after Christmas, she died. Alice felt her loss more in loneliness than in sorrow, for her cup was full before. Phil relieved her of all care concerning the funeral arrangements. She was learning to depend upon him more and more. On New Year's day, when all was over, sitting with her in the little parlor, he asked what plans she had made.

"I shall remain here for the present," she answered, "I can have the house till the first of May, the lawyers tell me."

"It will not do for you to live alone."

"I suppose not," she reluctantly admitted. "Miss Stephens, the old maid dress-maker, has kindly offered to stay with me. I suppose I ought to be grateful to her—but I should prefer being alone."

"It would not do. You had better accept her offer, unless you have a prospect of more agreeable company."

"I have not. The society of a poor orphan girl, too sorrowful to be a pleasant companion, is not likely to be eagerly sought. Indeed, when I am obliged to leave the house, I fear no family will care to take me as an inmate. I have a horror of living alone at a public boarding-house."

"Couldn't you come to my mother's?"

"On account of gossipping tongues, it would not be best," she answered, as frankly as if speaking to a brother.

"It would not; I had forgotten, you must board at the Seminary."

"There are insuperable objections to that," she replied.

"In what shape?"

"A disagreeable one—that of Stephen Greene."

"Does he force his attentions upon you?"

"Yes."

How he longed to lift all care from the heavy young heart! To make her "his charge" in very truth! She looked up and met his eyes fixed upon her with an earnestness which she did not wholly understand.

"Don't be troubled about me," she said, "there are four months to elapse before the first of May, and,"—with a forced pleasantry—"there's no knowing what may 'turn up' by that time. I intend cultivating a Micawber-like hopefulness."

As the weary months wore on, however, she found hopefulness a blossom of difficult culture. Miss Stephens, with her pins and patterns, scissors, snuff, and small-talk, was not the most delightful of companions, and occasionally annoyed Alice beyond the limits of endurance.

"Are that young man's intentions serious?" she inquired, one day, after a call from Philip Fletcher.

"What do you mean?" demanded Alice, with flashing eyes.

"Law, now! don't go into a tantrum! You're as pretty as a pink any day, and I shouldn't wonder if he popped the question 'fore long."

"He never dreamed of such a thing!" was Alice's indignant response.

"Then why does he come here so often?" queried the shrewd spinster.

"He was the dearest friend of the man who would have been my husband if he had lived," the girl answered, with quiet dignity, but her lip quivered as she left the room. The dress-maker was not the only one who annoyed her in this way, and worse than annoying was the irrepressible admiration of Stephen Greene. At the Seminary, where he was writing-master, it was impossible to avoid him, but she refused to see him when he called upon her at her own house, thereby rousing the youth's indignation—indignation too weak, however, to prevent his obtruding himself upon her at every opportunity, and Alice was delighted when, in the spring, he was suddenly called away upon business. Now she felt free to walk out without the certainty of encountering her disagreeable admirer. She improved her freedom to the utmost, and the much-needed exercise began to bring back the roses to her cheeks. Returning, one evening, from a twilight ramble, Stephen's form suddenly appeared at her elbow.

"Prettier than ever, Miss Alice!" said he, "you haven't pined much during my absence, I'm afraid."

"I did not know you were to return so soon," she answered, coldly.

"You don't appreciate my society, as I do yours, or you'd think I'd been away a long time," he remonstrated, in an abused tone which elicited only the words—

"Very likely."

He was not to be silenced, however.

"Miss Alice," he persisted, "why can't you make up your mind to marry me? I'm able to support a wife in good style, and there are plenty of girls in your position, who'd jump at such a chance."

"I advise you set them jumping then—it's an exercise I don't incline to, even under such exhilarating circumstances."

"How sarcastic you are!" he exclaimed, angrily, laying his hand upon the gate, which she had entered, as she spoke. "You wouldn't answer Philip Fletcher in that way."

"Philip Fletcher is a gentleman—he would not address me in that way."

"You'd be only too happy if he would," was the sneering response. "Every one knows that you're in love with him—he knows it himself. If you didn't show it quite so plainly, you'd stand a better chance of catching him."

"Will you take yourself away, or shall I assist you to go?" said Philip Fletcher, rising from the piazza, where he had been sitting unobserved among the shadows.

"Oh, if you like it, it's all right, I suppose," said Stephen, having the wisdom, however, to walk away as rapidly as was consistent with his dignity.

"I came over to bring you the book we were speaking of last evening," said Philip, turning to Alice, "and, finding you out, thought I'd sit down and wait till you returned. It's well I did so, for I don't know how far that fellow would have carried his insolence if I had not been here. Alice!" he continued, as she sat down upon the steps and covered her face with her hands—"let me save you from all such annoyance in future! Give me a husband's right to protect you. Yes"—as she looked up at him in utter amazement—"a husband's right. I love you, Alice."

"You are a dear friend, Philip," she answered, overwhelmed with surprise, "but it is only as a friend that I love you."

"I know it, Alice; I know that no other will ever replace John in your heart, but he left you in my charge; let me take care of you; I can do so in no other way," he urged.

The thought of being cared for was a tempting one to the poor lonely child.

"Give me time to think!" she pleaded.

"I will come for your answer to-morrow evening," he said, and left her.

The next day, after school hours, Professor Greene informed her that he should have no further need of her services after the close of the present quarter. He gave no reasons, and she asked none. She recognized Stephen's work. When Philip entered her little parlor that night, Alice laid her hand in his, and said, very quietly,

"You may take care of me, Phil."

He gave her no rapturous embrace. He only drew the weary young head to a resting place upon his shoulder, and kissed her forehead as softly as if she had been a sleeping child he was fearful of waking.

No plans were made that night, but it was afterwards decided that they should be married in July, immediately after the expiration of Alice's engagement with Professor Greene. The owner of the house she occupied was persuaded to allow her to retain it till that time; and Miss Stephens was made happy by being employed upon the simple outfit of the bride-elect.

One evening, shortly before the time set for the wedding, Mrs. Fletcher's door-bell rang, and a servant informed her that a soldier, with one arm, had called to see Mr. Philip, and would like to wait till he came in.

"There's a look in his face, Mrs. Fletcher," she said, "that puts me in mind of some one I've seen—I can't rightly tell who."

"Let him wait in the library," said Mrs. Fletcher; "but, Bridget, keep your eye on him—these returned soldiers are not always honest."

"His face is as true as steel, ma'am; but I'll kape my eye on him all the same, if ye say so," answered Bridget.

She found the soldier a restless individual. He toyed, absently, with the pens and ink upon the writing-table, scribbled upon the blotting-paper; took up the newspaper, and threw it down again; and finally, seized his hat, and rushed out, telling Bridget, whom he nearly stumbled over at the door, that he would be back in half an hour. If she had watched him on his way, she would have seen him turn up Maple street, and walk back and forth in front of Alice Hayden's house, as if he where on guard, and that block his "beat." As the door opened, however, he dodged behind a tree, more like a burglar, apprehensive of discovery, than a sentinel on duty. Philip Fletcher appeared at the opened door, taking leave of Alice in Aldrich's words—

"Good-night, my love, the time will come
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger in the porch
With my adieus, till then—good-night."

"Good-night!" echoed Alice's sweet voice, the door closed, and Philip's steps rang down the street. He passed so near the tree, behind which the soldier was lurking, that the man might have put out his hand and touched him, but he did not—as long as the retreating footsteps echoed in the distance, he stood as motionless as if suddenly petrified, then drawing a long breath, and murmuring—"God bless them, and help me!" he, too, walked away.

Philip, on entering his house, went at once to the library. Bridget following to tell him of the strange visitor who had called in his absence, was frightened at the face with which he was bending over his writing table.

"Who has been here!" he exclaimed without raising his head.

"A soldier, sir," was the answer. "Did he steal anything? I watched him very close."

"Steal? No! But where is he? Did he leave his name?"

"No, sir. He waited awhile, kind of fidgetty-like, and then went. He said he'd be back in half an hour, but it's more than an hour gone."

"What is it, Phil?" said the gentle voice of Mrs. Fletcher, whose feeble step had entered the room unheard.

"John Elliott's name is scribbled all over this sheet of blotting paper, in a strange hand, as of some one unused to writing."

"'Twas with his left hand he did it, sir; he had but the one," said Bridget. "I saw him scratching away there, as if he was so onaisy he didn't rightly know what he was doing."

Phil was out of the house in an instant, tearing down the street with frantic speed. There were three hotels in town, all of which he visited in rapid succession, without learning anything in regard to the object of his search. Not to be baffled he hurried next to the depot. It was now near midnight. No train would leave before two o'clock. "Still it's possible he may be there," he muttered to himself. "At any rate it's the last chance." He saw, as he entered the waiting room, that it had but one occupant, a man in Federal blue with one empty sleeve. He was pacing the room, his head bowed as if he were absorbed in thought, when the noise of Phil's entrance roused him. He looked up, and the next minute the two men were in each other's arms. It was long before a word was uttered. Philip said at length, as if doubting the evidence of his own senses,

"John! *brother*, does the grave give up its dead?"

"Not often, Phil, but I feel as if I had, in very truth, been raised from the dead. Did you get my messages? my last dying speech?" (With an attempt at a laugh.)

"Yes, and have mourned you ever since."

"I suppose the fellow who brought you the news thought me dead when I fainted. I, too, thought it death, but I revived after a time. One of the retreating foes stumbled over my wounded arm, and the pain roused me. They picked me up and carried me with them, they afterwards told me. I had a hurt in the head which made me delirious. The first thing I remember is waking in one of their hospitals, and finding my right arm gone. (I can do a pretty good business at hugging with my left, can't I, old fellow?) I got some one to write for me, but I suppose the letter miscarried. As soon as I was able to be moved I was transferred from one prison to another. Twice a fellow prisoner wrote for me, and once I wrote a few words with my left hand. They never reached you, I suppose."

"Never! But how did you escape?"

"You know Bob Harris, of old Harvard memory? Well, he came across me—he's a secesh Brigadier now, with a good deal of influence, and for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' he got me paroled, and lent me money to come home with."

"But what were you doing down here?" queried Phil.

"Waiting for the two o'clock train," answered John, the light dying out of his eyes.

"What for?"

"Phil,—since my arrival I've been thinking it would be better that Alice should never be undeceived—let her still think me dead. And you, too, forget that you have seen me, or remember this meeting as a dream."

"John! are you crazy?"

"No, Phil, just coming to my senses. In the joy of reaching home I forgot that 'the years with change advance.' If I find those I love unaltered, *I* am not what I was when I left them. I would rather they remembered me as one who died in youth, than look upon me as I now am with a pity that vainly tries to take the place of love."

"John!" remonstrated the other, again taking his friend in his arms.

"I know you're all right, old fellow. You'd love me if I'd lost both arms and both legs. I hope, though, you love me well enough to let me go. Believe me, it is best."

"And Alice?"

"I left her your charge, I leave her so still. I renounce all claims I ever had upon her, and, Phil, I wish you would marry her. I should be glad to know that she had my dear old friend for a protector."

"When did this idea of 'renouncing all claims' upon Alice occur to you?"

"This evening—since I arrived in town."

"What suggested it?"

"You're a regular old inquisitor, Phil, it's my turn to ask a few questions."

"Not till you have answered mine. What suggested the idea of giving up Alice Hayden."

"Well—if you will have it—I was in front of her house to-night, when you left her, and heard you bid her good-night."

"I thought so!"

"Don't think I'm grieved, Phil, I wouldn't have it otherwise."

"Perhaps *she* would."

"Impossible! besides, she need not know I am living."

"Do you think to tempt me to dishonor, John Elliott? Alice loves you as she did the day she pledged herself to you. When thinking you in your grave she promised to marry me, it was with the understanding that she could give me nothing but friendship. I asked it because she was in sore need of a protector—she consented to it for the same reason."

"But you love her?"

"Yes! well enough to wish to give her the greatest happiness possible for her to enjoy this side Heaven!—That of being your wife!"

John went home with Phil that night, instead of leaving in the two o'clock train, and wearied with his journey and excess of joy, slept long and heavily. Before he woke, Phil had broken the news of his return to Alice, and Professor Greene, passing Mrs. Fletcher's door in his morning walk, was shocked at seeing her enter it in Phillip's company. When John's feet were heard at length descending the staircase, Phil considerately left the parlor by the French window opening into the garden, and while the poor soldier boy was fumbling at the lock in his left-handed way, the door opened, and Alice, his own golden-haired Alice, stood before him with outstretched arms.

"Come to me at last!" she cried, "oh, my darling!"

A REMEMBRANCE.

The seasons deepen, moons have waxed and waned,
And flashing suns have risen, and have set;
Thrice has the spring-time bloomed, and winter reigned,
Since last we met.

Three years agone the summer blooms were shed
Upon the pathway we together trod,
And summer flowers with their hues o'erspread
The verdant sod.

Oh, golden season, bathed in quenchless light!
Oh, greenest isle on memory's lapsing tide!
Oh, fairy realm, with wondrous hues bedight,
And prospect wide!

I see the gleam of all those golden days,
I scent the balmy gales that kissed thy brow,
And through the splendor of the olden ways
I wander now.

The sloping hills stood bathed in purple mist,
And in their shadow lay the lake asleep;
The languid breath of summer-time had kissed
Its waters deep.

We lay beneath the shadow of the wood,
Where soft the sunlight fell through boughs of pine,
And, in the rapture of our listless mood,
Earth seemed divine.

The dryads slumbered in each bosky dell,
No sound broke on the dreamy twilight hush,
And at our feet the lengthening shadows fell
'Mid grasses lush.

At morn we wandered through the shady ways,
Or sat at eve beneath the sunset glow,
My heart enraptured by the earnest gaze
That thrilled me so.

Oh, when shall days of such unclouded joy,
Or nights of such divine unrest, again
Return to bless us with their sweet alloy
Of joy and pain?

M. W. T.

THE SECOND HUSBAND.

We often see young men in the gayety of youth, resolve against marrying while they enjoy health and spirits; and we as often see, that some unforeseen accident disconcerts all their fine resolutions.

So it was with Julius de Mersaint. Young, rich, handsome, possessing all the advantages of life, he was positively determined that as long as he was able to enjoy them, he would remain a bachelor. It would be time enough to think of marriage when he was tired of amusement. In consequence of this resolution, he had courageously resisted the numerous attacks that had been made on him. The kind attentions of the mammas who had marriageable daughters; the pretty airs of the young ladies themselves had all been met with equal indifference. But at last he met with a widow, and matters took a different turn. A widow is a two-edged sword; the most adroit master of fence can hardly escape a wound in such an encounter. Julius thought he might trifle with the lady, and found himself in love before he was aware. He had engaged himself too far to retreat; but he found it no difficult matter to reconcile himself to his fate. "After all," thought he, "what can I do better than to marry a woman who is young, pretty, rich, amiable, and irreproachable in her character? It is every way an excellent match!" So the project of celibacy was given to the winds, and the lady suffered herself to be persuaded to renounce the state of widowhood.

Soon after the wedding, a friend of Julius arrived from a journey, and came to see the bridegroom.

"I am glad to see you," said the latter. "Of course, you come to congratulate me."

"Not at all," said Frederic. "You know how sincere I am. I should have advised you not to marry; but since the step cannot be recalled, I shall content myself with saying it was a very imprudent one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Julius; "you cannot have heard anything against my wife."

"Oh, no! by no means. During her first husband's life, she lived chiefly in the country, and was but little seen in Paris. Since she has been a widow, and returned to society, she has not given the least occasion for slander. I am happy to do her that justice. In fact, I know no fault that can be found with her except her having been a widow. It is that fact, my friend, that constitutes your imprudence."

"Really, Frederic, I thought you had more sense. You are rather too sentimental."

"No, it is not as a matter of sentiment that I object to it. Did you know the late Mr. Doligny?"

"No, I did not."

"Then you do not know who you have married."

"I know I have married a charming woman, only twenty-five years old, who is perfectly amiable, and whom, notwithstanding your odd notions, I am sure you will be delighted with; though she has had the misfortune of being a wife during four years."

"I admire the light manner in which you treat so serious an affair; you marry a woman who has come to years of discretion, without considering in the least what sort of an education she has received from her first master, or caring what responsibilities this reign of four years entails upon you."

"Indeed, I am not afraid of the past."

"Then you know something about Mr. Doligny; you have heard what was his character, his temper, his habits?"

"No, I have seen nobody who knew much about him; but there hangs his portrait in that handsome frame, look at it."

"Why, I must acknowledge that the dear deceased was not very handsome. In that point you have a decided advantage over him. Still, that may not be sufficient. There are some men who can make their wives forget their ugliness; and that very face that quiets your alarms, is perhaps exactly what ought to excite them. You do not know what a degree of complaisance, what attention, what sacrifice, the original of that portrait may have considered himself obliged to use; and depend upon it, no less will be expected from you, notwithstanding your good looks."

"Well, I intend to be a good husband. I shall endeavor to make my wife happy; what more can be expected?"

"I do not know what may be expected. But why is that portrait still there? When the reign is concluded, and the interregnum past; when the people have cried, the king is dead, long live the king, it is the usual custom to transfer the emblem of defunct royalty, either to the lumber-room or the garret."

"What! a painting like that! done by one of the first masters. We preserve it as a work of art, without reference to the original, who is dead and out of the way."

"I hope you may find that he is."

"Why you do not believe in ghosts?"

"I believe ghosts sometimes come when they are called, and I believe the apparition of a first husband is very apt to be in the way of the imprudent man who has ventured to take his place."

The next day, the two friends took a ride together. On their return, Frederic requested Julius to go with him into the cemetery, saying with a solemn air, "The living ought to take lessons from the dead." They walked through several rows of tombstones, with cypresses drooping over them, till Frederic stopped and pointed out an inscription to his friend.

"Here rests John Joseph Aristides Doligny; the best of men, and the model of husbands. His inconsolable widow has raised this monument to his memory."

"That inconsolable," observed Derville, "is an honor to you, for you have triumphed over an eternal sorrow. But the lesson to which I would call your attention, is comprised in the first line.

"'The best of men, and the model of husbands.' Mark what I tell you, this epitaph will be repeated to you, and this funeral eulogium held up to you as a rule of conduct, from which you may not depart without exposing yourself to witness regrets, which will not be very flattering to you; and to see your wife once more become an inconsolable widow. You smile, you do not believe me?"

"How can I? am I not the happiest of husbands?"

"Certainly, at this period of your marriage; you may expect to enjoy the honeymoon as everybody else does; only in the case of a widow, this moon is sometimes curtailed of its fair proportions, and only lasts two or three weeks."

"Really, Frederic, if you were not such an old friend, I should quarrel with you."

"I should not be surprised if you did."

Julius went home and dined alone with his wife. As he looked on her sweet face, and listened to her agreeable conversation, he thought of the ridiculous fears of his friend.

"Poor Frederic," said he to himself, "he certainly means kindly, but he is strangely mistaken."

His wife interrupted his meditations, by asking if he had not been riding out that morning.

"Yes, my dear, I took a ride while you were with your mother."

"And I believe you had a friend with you?"

"Yes, Frederic Derville, a charming young man."

"Charming! oh, I do not doubt that. But I have heard of the gentleman; and between you and I, that intimacy is one which I think is no longer very suitable for you."

"Not suitable? why?"

"Why, do not you think that a single man sometimes has acquaintances, whom it is as well to give up when he marries?"

"Certainly; but Frederick is a man of honor, and incapable—"

"Oh! I dare say, but I can only judge from what I hear. Mr. Frederic Derville would be an improper acquaintance for me, and you surely would not keep up an acquaintance with a person who could not be admitted into my society."

"But, my love, when you become acquainted with Frederic, you will become convinced of your prejudices."

"I shall not become acquainted with him, I assure you."

"Is it possible, Amelia? an old friend of your husband's?"

"If you choose still to consider him as such, I cannot certainly prevent it; but at least, I trust you will refrain from introducing to my acquaintance a person whose character I cannot approve."

"I hope we are not going to quarrel so soon."

"I certainly do not wish to do so, but must confess I did not expect so much opposition to a very reasonable request. But I have been deceived by the past."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that, when Mr. Doligny married me, he made no difficulty in giving up any of his old companions; and that the moment I had expressed my disapprobation of any person, he broke with him immediately."

Julius could not answer. The name of Doligny had proved that Frederic was not altogether mistaken; and the honeymoon had as yet completed but half its course.

The cloud, however, soon passed away from the face of the fair planet. A little time, and this unpleasant scene was forgotten, and the bridegroom again revelled in his visions of perfect happiness, when one day his wife said to him:

"My dear, winter is drawing near; have you thought of our box at the opera, and the Italian theatre?"

"What box, my love?"

"You know how fond I am of music."

"I know that you sing like an angel."

"Then surely the angel must have at least once a week a box at the opera, and the Italian theatre."

"Why, I am not quite sure that our fortune will allow of such an indulgence."

"Mr. Doligny had precisely the same income as you; and in his time, I had a box every Monday at the opera, and every Saturday at the Italian theatre."

There was the phantom of the first husband coming a second time, to disturb the comfort of poor Julius; he could not resolve to appear less generous than his predecessor, so he consented to hire both boxes.

In another respect he was obliged to imitate Mr. Doligny; he saw Frederic but seldom and almost by stealth.

"I do not ask you to come to our house," said he; "I can offer you so little pleasure. We live very much alone, we see no company—you would find us very dull."

"Don't trouble yourself to apologise," said his friend with a smile, "it is not you, but Mr. Doligny, who refuses to welcome me."

Mme. de Mersaint was not only one of the prettiest women in Paris, but one of the best dressed. The expense in that particular was enormous. Her husband observed one day, with a manner that was but half agreeable, "You appear frequently in new dresses."

"Is that a complaint, or a reproof?" asked the lady.

The poor husband made no reply, and the lady continued:

"Mr. Doligny always liked to see me outshine the best dressed woman in company; he never thought his idol could be too much adorned."

Presently the bills came in, and very long bills they were. That of the milliner in particular, presented a frightful amount. Julius could not refrain from expressing some surprise.

"What," cried he, "such a sum for nothing but flowers, feathers, and ribbons?"

"Do you think it much?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Really, I never had occasion to think about it. Mr. Doligny never made any remarks about such details. The bills were presented, and he paid them, and I heard no more about it."

The visits of the apparition were becoming more frequent. At first, he only appeared at intervals, but he ended by taking complete possession of the house. He was always present; was brought in on every occasion, consulted in every debate; there was no appeal from his decisions. He ruled his successor with a rod of iron. At last, he thought fit to introduce another inmate into the family, in the person of a young officer of hussars, a cousin of the lady.

"I hope," said Madame de Mersaint, "that you will treat my cousin Edward as Mr. Doligny used to do. He always considered our house as his home when he had leave of absence."

The tyranny of the ghost was really becoming insupportable; the only consolation Julius had, was to complain in secret to his friend Frederic.

"Ah!" said he to him, "you were quite right. Mr. Doligny does persecute me strangely; his epitaph is a most unreasonable rule of conduct; and I am almost worn out with the difficulty of keeping up to it."

"You would not be the first who has sunk under such a task. I have known many unlucky fellows, who like you, had thoughtlessly married widows, without knowing anything of their past lives. Some died under the trials; the others only lived to repent; and I have heard more than one express the wish that the amiable custom of India, respecting widows, had been the fashion in France."

Sometimes Julius would make an attempt at rebellion. Then Madame de Mersaint, with tears in her eyes, would turn toward the portrait, and exclaim,

"Oh! my Aristides, you would not thus have afflicted me! you loved me, and made me happy!"

How was it possible to resist that?

However, one evening Julius met at a ball an old gentleman who had known Madame de Mersaint during her first marriage.

"I rejoice," said he, "to see Madame de Mersaint so happily married; she really deserves some compensation, for all she suffered with her first husband."

"Suffered, my dear sir, why he was a model for all husbands! so says his epitaph, and so his widow says. I try to replace him worthily, but I assure you it is a difficult matter; he was so good a husband as to spoil her for any other."

"My dear sir, it is all very proper for you and her to talk so, but I happened to know Mr. Doligny very well; I spent a great deal of time with them at their country house."

"A beautiful place, was it not?"

"You have never been there?"

"Never."

"So I perceive."

The curtain was drawn; a new world was opening to the astonished husband. He went on from one discovery to another, and found them well worth making.

Soon after, he informed his wife that he was called from home by business; he refused to answer her inquiries on the subject.

"Business which I must not know! Mr. Doligny never had any secrets for me."

Julius went; and on his return, found his wife in rather an ill humor; at last she consented to make peace on one condition.

"What is it?"

"Take me to the waters of Baden, Mr. Doligny used often to go there with me."

"When you did not pass the summer at your delightful country house."

"Oh! if I had a country house I should like it quite as well to go there."

"Well, here is one for you. I wanted to give you a surprise. Make your preparations, and we will set off."

"Is it far from here?"

"You shall see."

The surprise of Madame de Mersaint may be imagined when she found herself driving up to her former country house. The husband certainly could never have found it out from her description.

"My love," said he, as he handed her from the carriage, "I have bought this place to please you; you know I wish to procure you all the pleasures and indulgences which Mr. Doligny delighted to lavish upon you. And now I shall find it easy to follow his example; as I find his conduct traced by your hand in this paper."

"My own hand!" cried his wife, alarmed.

"Yes, my love, your own hand. I received the precious document from your lawyer, with whom I have had a conference; read it yourself."

It was a petition for a separation founded on various acts of ill-treatment, and cruelty, which this model of husbands had exercised towards his disconsolate widow; his death had prevented the affair from coming before the public. Madame de Mersaint cast down her eyes, and the phantom disappeared forever.

They returned to Paris. Julius opened his house to Frederic, who observed, "You have discovered the secret: apparitions are only to be feared in the dark."

Sides.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

Not sides of sole-leather, neither of bacon, nor Old Ironsides, nor yet the side of a house. None of these; but sides of poly-sided human nature. These be indeed many. A crooked side, a lazy side and a good side, a sweet side, a sour side and a mean side, a doleful side and a ridiculous side. These, and countless more, to mention which, yea, but to write down the names thereof, would need a quart of ink.

In crystallography, it is not often that you find, in its natural state, a crystal, be it feldspar, hornblende, or what you will, with all its faces exactly true and perfectly developed. So with human crystals. The best of us are more or less slab-sided. Some of us in truth are but one-sided.

There be wretches, now and then, whose one side is THE DOLEFUL SIDE. Everything in the course of mortal events has, for him who chooses that look-out, a forlorn, doleful side, all limp and wilted down. As the side is, so is the man. If the side from which he views human nature is the doleful one, the man himself, hidden in the shadow of his side, will be doleful, forlorn and limpsey. It is easy to recognize the doleful siders. They remind you ever of vinegar, rue, wormwood, chamomile, *et id omne genus*. They have always sharp, thin features, mouth drawn far down at the corners, suit of faded black, and, God help 'em! perpetual dyspepsia. May be that is what makes them doleful, I don't know. Either dyspepsia makes dolefulness, or dolefulness makes dyspepsia, I'm puzzled to say which. Perhaps the Medical Student knows. A wise stomachic philosopher has said:—"A broken heart is only another name for an everlasting indigestion." *Weiss nicht.* Only doleful people always have "spells in the stomach." They flounder forever in the Slough of Sour Brine under a cloud, going under the cloud and getting themselves so befogged therein, that for them there is no sun at all. They are untiring talkers. They pounce upon you whenever you are unlucky enough to stumble into their way, and, in the short space of a few minutes, furnish you with material sufficient to write a new book of Lamentations, or, which is better suited to modern taste, a new "Shady Side," or a work after the manner of that highly entertaining volume, "All Alone."

Then there is another stratum of croakers, who take to troubles and pining away as young ducks take to water; who think fatness is a crime, and indicates want of feeling; who are always expecting to die of heart disease and consumption, but who sometimes grow fat in spite of themselves, and who don't die. This variety of the doleful, with my hand on my mouth and my mouth in the dust, I confess it, is confined mostly to young ladies. It is their style to sit by themselves in attic corners, and they have a way of walking out and sitting all alone in the moonlight, spite of the bugs and dampness, to feast their soul-touching intuitions of the supreme infinitude of nonsense. Unlike the first-mentioned, they don't talk much. It is their role to pine away in secret, hiding their infinite grief and unutterable sorrow, and, as Miss Slimmens would say:

"Let congealment,
Like a worm in the mud,
Play on their damaged cheeks."

In the name of indigo and weeping willows I protest against this particular phase of the doleful side.

There is but a step from the doleful to the ridiculous. The truest, highest tragic actor is often the one who excels also in comedy; in laughing, we use the identical muscles of our bodies which we use in crying, so near akin are joy and sorrow. Then is it fitting that the ridiculous should be mentioned next after the doleful.

In some part of Germany is an old sun-dial bearing this inscription:

"I mark only the hours that shine." There are rare spirits now and then who make all hours shine. Happy souls they be, jolly mortals are they! These can see a ridiculous side to all mundane affairs, can turn ever the worst calamities and the direst woes into subjects for joke. They can laugh at themselves just as well as at other people; can appreciate the absurd as expressed in their own personality, just as clearly as expressed anywhere else. Fortunate is the man with the eye for the ridiculous! He extracts the honey of merriment from the quintessence of bitterness. If he enlist in the army, and find his uniform a humbug, and his rations something worse, he writes witty newspaper articles about it, and really sees something very funny in the pointedness with which his toes and elbows stick out,—something excruciatingly comical in the idea of going without his supper.

The ridiculous side is much less fully represented in the world than the doleful side. Once in a while bright spirits beam out, whose fun and brilliancy melt down that straight-laced and very orthodox old dowager, Society, and even light up her frigid countenance with a smile. So that she actually tolerates them when they make merry over her prim ladyship's own weakness. Such, when by a rare chance they appear, once in five hundred years or so, go down to after generations as great wits. And here arises the question: Why have there been so many renowned orators, doctors, preachers, and all that ilk, and so very few renowned wits? I will tell you. It is not because the mirthful faculty is so very rare in the world, nor because the material for mirth is so very scarce. It is that wretched old creature, Society. Society is conservative, proper, and the doleful side is strictly orthodox, while the ridiculous side is a heretic, a comecouter, breaking down her ordinances, taking by storm her owlish gravity, with sublime impertinence. We all know the story of that comic poet, of whom it might be said, as Lamb wrote of his beloved Jem White: "He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died." This comic poet had joked all his life, and on his dying day, his last words were, no frightful, ghostly fancies, no black nightmare of terror and gloom—but a joke, a glorious, merry joke. The going down of life was very near, and his attendant tremblingly administered what he thought was a stimulant, to rouse his beloved master once again, but in his nervous haste actually gave to the dying man a bottle of ink! The horrified servant told him the mistake, and the poet could only reply, faintly: "Let me swallow some *blotting paper*." That was the very last he ever said. Barring only the *ink*, was not that a "happy death?"

I put in my plea for the full recognition and cultivation of the ridiculous side. It presents human nature in her happiest moments, with no wrinkles on her visage, and laughter and jollity beaming from her eyes. Happy are they who look on her from the ridiculous side! Petty cares torment them not; they can joyfully laugh and grow fat, all their lives laughing more and more, every year growing fatter and fatter, so that to them is the turnpike jog of life one continuous merry round.

Blessed be the ridiculous side!

THE CAUSES OF THE VARYING COLOR

and Saltness of the Ocean.

Any one who has made a veritable sea-voyage cannot have failed to notice the intensely blue color of the water in certain parts of the ocean. In the vicinity of land, he will have seen the water of a bright green color, which will be found to prevail until soundings cease to be struck. In the deep unfathomable parts of the ocean, he will have seen the water of so deep a blue as to be fully as dark as the strongest solution of blue vitriol; and even in the regions where deep blue is the general color of the sea, he may have seen, if he have been in the Gulf Stream, or gone "down the Trades," a deeper blue than the deepest, in certain particular localities. There is a current in the China Sea that washes the Aleutian Islands, and is so dark, as compared with the other waters of the ocean, that the Japanese call it the Black Stream. Other ocean-streams there are, and particular portions of the ocean itself, which are more blue than their neighbors. Every West India voyager knows the marvellous blue of the Trade-wind waters.

Some people, even those who are familiar with many facts of physical geography, account for this blue color by the reflection of the blue firmament in the mirror of the ocean; some ascribe it to the depth of the water, asserting, that of the green water which is found nearer land were piled up in a basin as deep as that which holds the blue water, its color would then, through some strange mutation, brought about by volume, be the same dark blue.

Now, while it is certain that the brightness or dullness of the day affects the color of the deep sea so far as to make that which on a bright sunshiny day is an intense blue, an equally intense black when the day is overcast and sunless, it is quite as certain that the reflection of the firmament has nothing to do with the originally dark color of the water. If it had, the same effect would be produced on the sea near land, in a less degree, perhaps, but still produced; while, at all events, it would be wrought beyond all question in the great northern seas, when circumstances favored the reflection—and yet, under no circumstances whatever, is it ever produced upon them. Their waters, no matter how bright the day, or how clear the sky, are ever green.

Then, as to the reason founded on the depth of the sea, the argument based upon the evergreenness of the unfathomable north seas, applies against it with as much force as it does against the reflection theory. Besides, what would be true of the water near land, in one latitude, would be true of the water near land in another; so that the sea about the Caribbean Islands should be green on soundings as it is green in the English Channel. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so. The waters of Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes; of Kingstown Harbor, St. Vincent; and of the West India Islands generally, are almost as blue as the mid-ocean waters. Look down over the side of a vessel anchored in either of the places mentioned, and you will see the bottom, through a medium so blue as to make you think you are lying in a sea of sulphate of copper. There are good reasons why the blue is not so intense as it is further at sea, but it is blue very distinctly, and never under any circumstances is it green.

The true cause of this blue color of the ocean is to be found in the saltness of the ocean; and in the case of the West Indian waters, to the absence of those causes which are in full operation in more northern latitudes, and which so clearly mark the seas of those regions to be different from those more southerly, as their respective climates are distinguished by different degrees of heat and cold.

It is observed in the pools or brine-vats of salt-works, that the more concentrated the water the bluer the color of it, the saltest of all being of a hue nearly as deep as that of the intertropical waters. The light-green color of the North Sea and the Polar Seas, is to the blue of more southerly waters what the middle brine-vat is to the vat in which crystallization takes place; and the Gulf Stream, off the coasts of the Carolinas, and the waters of the Trade-wind region, are to the other waters of the Atlantic what the last vat is to the penultimate vat; that is to say, the dark-blue sea is salter than the light-green sea, and the deeper the blue the salter the water.

Now, this difference of density in sea-water is not mere supposition, but an ascertained fact, the amount of saline matter contained in one part differing from that contained in another, in the following proportions, the water of the English Channel being taken as one: The Baltic Sea, 0·19; the Black Sea, 0·61; Irish Channel, 0·96; Mediterranean, 1·11; ocean at the equator, 1·12; North Atlantic, 1·16; South Atlantic, 1·20; Dead Sea, 10·86. This is only a general statement. Experiment has shown that the water of the Bay of Biscay contains three and a half per cent. of salt; the water of the Trade-wind region, four and four-tenths; and that in the Gulf Stream, off Charleston, four per cent.; and similar results might be gathered from tests applied to different parts of other seas. If the blue color and the difference of density did not speak plainly enough, there is the additional fact, that ships' copper, in the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, is more corroded than in waters north of this latitude, to show that there are more chemical agents at work in them than in these others.

While the Baltic Sea is, as shown above, almost brackish, it is reckoned that if all the salt contained in the water annually evaporated from the north-east Trade region of the Atlantic could be heaped into one place, it would cover an area equal to the size of the British Islands to the depth of fourteen feet. The Trade-wind region is the saltest part of the Atlantic, it having been ascertained that the heaviest water in all that ocean is found between the paral-

lels seventeen degrees north and south of the equator.

Now, although it has been discovered that for certain the salt waters of the globe differ from each other in saltness, it has never been found that they differ in respect of the actual salts contained. The same ingredients go to embitter the waters of the brackish Baltic Sea that salify those of the mid ocean; it is only in the distributive proportion that the seas really differ. The salts contained in sea-water, according to an analysis made of a specimen taken off Havre, were found to be as follows: In one thousand parts of water there were thirty-one and a half parts of solid matter; and the solid matter was thus made up: Chloride of sodium (common salt,) 24·632; chloride of potassium, 0·307; chloride of calcium, 0·439; chloride of magnesium, 2·564; bromide of magnesium, 0·147; sulphate of lime, 1·097; sulphate of magnesia, 2·146; carbonate of lime (common chalk,) 0·176; carbonate of magnesia, 0·078. In some waters there are found other ingredients than these; but they are due to local causes not exerting any wide-spread influence, and they cannot be reckoned among the common components of sea-water.

Why the sea should be salt at all; why, being salt, it should have different densities; whence the salts come; whither they go; what office they have in the economy of nature; and whether "in the beginning" the sea was salt or fresh—these are all natural questions arising out of the facts ascertained and mentioned above; and most of them can be answered, if not quite satisfactorily, yet with sufficient probability.

That the sea-water should be denser—that is, salter—in one part than another, is a consequence of the constant operation of causes that of necessity tend to bring about such a result: such are greater evaporation, less rainfall, less importation of fresh water by means of rivers, &c. These three causes are brought to bear upon those regions of the sea where the water is densest. From the Red Sea it is estimated that eight feet of water are annually withdrawn through evaporation only, and this amount will seem to be yet more considerable when it is remembered that there is no river, and hardly even a brook, running into this sea, whereby its waters may be replenished; that its banks are of sand; that there is no rain; and that there is positively no equalizing force at work, apart from the sea itself, to restore the equilibrium disturbed by evaporation. It is not therefore surprising that the Red Sea should be salter than a sea like the Baltic, where the loss through evaporation is by comparison almost nil, and where the influx of river water from numerous streams, and the addition derived from heavy annual falls of rain, are very abundant. The amount of saline matter contained in a thousand parts of Baltic Sea water is about twelve parts, while the Red Sea at Suez contains 41 in 1,000 parts of water, and at the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, 39·2 in 1,000.

In the Trade-wind region, which is the saltest part of the ocean, evaporation is said to take place to the extent of fifteen feet annually—the salt from this quantity of water being estimated, as already mentioned, to be able to cover the British Islands to the depth of fourteen feet. Here, of course, no rivers can give their assistance towards mitigating the loss sustained, though the rains which at times fall with wonderful liberality are far from being mean refreshers. Still the impoverishing agents are so many more in number, and so much more active than in the latitudes outside the Trades, that they bring about that concentration of brine making principles which entitles this part to be called, *par excellence*, the water of Marah.

The Indian and Pacific Oceans have each their brine streams, produced by the same causes that give rise to that in the Atlantic—evaporation, want of rain, absence of rivers—so that, as it is a fact, so it is a necessity, that one part of the ocean should be salter than another.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Hairdresser's Daughter.

"Know then, *sir*," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose color is that of the setting sun." "Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable color." "Worse luck," said the maiden in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has woke me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair—" "To beat you, maiden?" "Nay, sir, to dress my head *à la* something, a new form of coiffure which had arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel, he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a *chignon*. He takes me from my tea to practice the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play, he pulls my hair down to *try* a new form of *bandeau*. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be curled, and frizzed, and plaited, and powdered. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skilful hands. I know no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open." "With your eyes open, maiden?" "With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done *à l'Impératrice*. It was pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the *négligé* fris came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"—*All the Year Round.*

ORIGIN OF THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."—When Aldus Manutius set up in business as a printer at Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who assisted the mysterious bibliofactor; and some of the most ignorant believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Manutius, desiring to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this occasion he made this short but characteristic speech: "Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the *printer's devil!* All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and *pinch* him."—*American Artisan.*

☞ An extraordinary correspondence appears in the British Union Review between one hundred and ninety-eight canons and eight clergymen of the Church of England, and Cardinal Patrizi, of the Holy Office, inquiring how far arrangements could be made for admitting them bodily into the Church of Rome. The reply was not favorable.

"There's No Place Like Home."

In quoting this oft-sung, familiar line of Payne's, I would take the liberty for once, of perverting its time-honored sentiment, by saying that at this day there is indeed no place to be found in any degree like home. Houses we have, but how few homes! A home implies a resting place, and presupposes permanence; we regard the spot as linked with associations of the past, and as forming the basis of plans for the future.

How can we have these when we are 'neath one roof to-day and move elsewhere to-morrow? How form anticipations when our name-plate shines on a door to-day and "To let," greets the eye of the passer-by on the morrow?

There was an age in our city's experience when even rented dwellings were often homes of families from one generation to another, and became identified with well known names. The mania for speculation, change of investment, and games of chance played in the great struggle of money-getting, (a far different thing from honest money-making, or money-earning), has changed all this. Tenants are at the mercy of landlords, who raise rents to unpayable sums, or sell their houses with no reference to the indwellers, and to "move" is, almost without exception, as inexorable a law of metropolitan denizens as the monotonous "move on!" of the soulless London police.

There is a class, of course, who are beyond all monetary considerations, but these are the few placed in that perilous condition of prosperity who "shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

For them doubtless there are "Homes" here if not elsewhere. But the great mass of world-dwellers exist surely in shifting tents pitched for a night, and around whose transitory precincts it is useless and would be painful to cast any of the sacred halo that enshrines a home.

Those who are "old-fashioned," and that oft-times includes a world of meaning in its term of ill-reputes, long for the home of their forefathers and mothers, where their brothers and sisters were born, where they played together, and from which they were married. In vain: it does not exist!

One of the few excellencies of the English law of primogeniture was the descent of the homestead into the keeping of the eldest son, preserving thus the name linked to the estate, and better than that, the permanence of the home into which any maiden sister knew herself more than welcome, and any homeless member of the family might feel certain of safe and comfortable refuge. It would be well did each head of a family feel it a duty devolving upon himself to provide a roof, however humble, that might be considered a settled home for his children, and so ordered that it could not be sold.

This feverish thirst for accumulation has invaded and desecrated every true feeling, every sacred sentiment of the human soul, so that even a homestead is not valued by the smiles and tears, the joys and sorrows that have been experienced 'neath its roof, but all things have their monetary verdict. I know one wealthy man, for instance, who has purchased within the past two years three houses, into each one of which he has removed his family, and introduced his wife as to a settled home, but beset by anxious buyers, has each successive time yielded to the lust of gain, and sacrificed his social sentiment to considerations of mere money.

A poor man might have said, "my poverty, but not my will, consents;" for a rich man there could be no shadow of excuse.

As the spring advances house hunting becomes the ordinary occupation of housekeepers. Every one knows the features of May Day in New York, and though we have not yet attained the system which ordains a certain day for inevitable confusion and discomfort, we still know too much of this disorder of things.

If the transitory nature of our earthly abodes could cause us to adopt the pilgrim spirit of those who dwelt in tents as they journeyed to Canaan, we might to a degree become reconciled to the present oft-recurring changes, but it is to be feared that the contrary is the fact. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and too frequent mutations wear away all the home sentiment that might beautify human life with its lovely incrustations. Give us a home here in which to fit ourselves for a home hereafter.

A Fancy Ball in Paris.

The closing *fête* of the season has been by far the most magnificent of the official entertainments, splendid and gorgeous as each has been. The Admiralty, as you are aware, occupies the first of the immense piles of building on the right of the Place de la Concorde as you quit the Rue de Rivoli, the colonnades and pillared galleries of which attract at once the tourists' attention. It is needless to say that the line was kept by a squadron of the Garde Municipale, and had I been the fortunate possessor of a ticket which permitted one's carriage to break the string, I should probably have arrived before the *fête* was over. On each side of the moss-covered staircase were deep masses of flowers and foliage arranged with consummate taste. Ten *salles* of gigantic proportions and eight smaller rooms were thrown open to receive the three thousand guests whom the Marquis and Marchioness de Chasseloup-Laubat had invited to partake of their hospitality. The fair young marchioness appeared as an *étoile*, but her delicate state of health prevented her from taking much part in the proceedings of the evening. It was well known that their majesties were present in black dominoes, accompanied by the Duchess Colonna, better known in the artistic world as the sculptress of Bianca Capelli and the Gorgon's head signed Marcella, and by Princess Dusseldorf. For the imperial party a special supper-room was set apart, and entrance to this apartment was only granted to twenty privileged dominoes, who each presented a card entitling them to this distinction. The event of the evening was the opening procession formed by the representatives of the four quarters of the world—Asia, by Princess Rimsky Korsakow; Europe, Madame Bartholomy; America, by Miss Carter; Africa, Madame de Montant. The Asiatic procession consisted of fifty-six personages, and was opened by players on gongs, followed by dragons, an elephant conducted on one side by Madame de Pappendorf as an Asiatic Jewess, her costume being a white and gold dress, embroidered vest, and crimson cap, the whole blazing with brilliants and rubies. On the other side the fortunate beast was led by Mrs. Miles, as the wife of an Arab sheik, her white bournous artistically draped, her features almost concealed by the capuchin, which was festooned by Oriental pear-shaped pearls, her face tattooed after the manner of Eastern women, and a large crescent over her forehead. This group was followed by ten Asiatic ladies, and immediately preceded the triumphal car, in which was seated Princess Korsakow *en sauvage*. The car was carried by negroes. Africa (Mme. Montant) was mounted on a camel admirably constructed; the animal's skin was the genuine article—buff-colored and shaggy. He walked with the peculiar step of the true son of the desert. How it was managed I vainly endeavored to discover. Africa was followed by a group of tattooed savages. America (Miss Carter), a lovely blonde, reclined in a hammock swung between banana trees, each carried by negroes, and escorted by Red Indians and their squaws. The costumes were perfect, and, strange to say, were mostly worn by American ladies. Europe (Mme. Bartholmoy), in a litter, carried by porters, and surrounded by peasants, Russian serfs, Spanish dons, &c. The most exquisite and refined taste was displayed in every iota that could contribute to the comfort and gratification of the guests, and certainly a more gorgeous *fête* has seldom closed the Paris season than this *bal costumé* of the Ministere de la Marine. The great world will have till March 7 to repose from its labors, on which date the Austrian Ambassadress gives a *costume* promenade concert, for which the invitations are already out.—*Paris Letter.*

The Consequences of Drinking Bad Whiskey.

There was something strange about that bottle of whiskey. I called to see a young lady one evening some three months ago—a thing I seldom do. I found her suffering that exquisite torture which can be inflicted by only one distemper in all the world—a cold in the head. Her eyes were red, her nose was scalded and so scathed and chopped that she blew scales from it with every blast. Her voice sounded as if she were talking through a tin horn. She said that she had entertained that cold for five days, and would have to entertain it five days longer—she had never got rid of one on easier terms. I said I could cure it in twelve hours. She was frantic with joy. She would have embraced me had we been near relatives. But sadly enough, such was not the case. I said, "Drink a level tumbler full of whiskey straight, and go to bed."

Her joy departed. She sighed and went on blowing her nose as before—her beautiful nose—her beautiful, scaly, scalded nose. I was inflexible. I said, "It must be; it is a military necessity; drink a tumbler full of whiskey cold and without water; dispose yourself comfortably in bed; in two minutes that infamous disagreeable tickling sensation in your nose—that wretched and eternal desire to sneeze—will have passed away, and you will be serene and happy—as calm and contented, and as indifferent to worldly things as the sinless angels be; in five minutes you will begin to heave grandly up and down, like a stately ship on the long ground swell of the sea; this is the very sublimity of happiness; in seven minutes and a half you will not know enough to come in when it rains; in ten minutes you won't care a—that is to say, you will not care a cent; in fifteen minutes you will be as tight as a brick—but who will ever know it? in another minute you will be sound asleep—and the thing is accomplished; you will never stir a peg nor turn over for twelve hours. Then you will get up as fresh as a lark, and the last vestige of your cold will have departed to the four winds of heaven. Try it!"

She was converted. I went out to get her a bottle of whiskey. I went to Smith's place. I said to myself, "I have drank barrels and barrels of this fellow's whiskey in the reduction of my semi-annual colds, and can depend on its purity and excellence."

I never saw that girl again until last week, and then she looked as Lazarus must have looked when he first sallied forth from the tomb. She had taken a glass of that whiskey and gone to bed. When she woke up next day her cold was gone, but she was fearfully sick. During the next three months she passed out of one disease into another so fast the doctor could hardly keep up with her galloping experiments, and she never got a chance to get out of bed during the whole time.

A lady called in to see her one day, and while conversing pleasantly her eye fell on the treacherous bottle. She took a swig and went into fits. On another occasion, two ladies who came to "set up," felt themselves spell-bound by the mysterious bottle; they could not keep their eyes off it; it gleamed from a side-table with unholy fascination; it triumphed over them at last, and they took a drink. They laid right down on the floor and began to gasp, and sweat, and groan; and thenceforward for six weeks those women were harried by every disease known to the books. A minister of the gospel fell under the baneful influence of that bottle at last; he took a drink and went to his pulpit and launched out the direst discourse that ever was heard; he advocated Deism, and Atheism, and Spiritualism, and Catholicism, and every other ism he could think of, and then came down and tried to clean out his congregation; he was a rampant madman for weeks together. Three more women suffered from that bottle.

Lately the family moved and the infernal bottle was taken along. It had been long supposed to be empty, but the servant who was set to arrange the furniture in the new house found a sup of the lees remaining and drank it. She is over at Kirkbride's now. After that an old *chiffonier* came along, and the family gladly conferred upon him the fatal bottle without recompense. While he was carrying it down stairs he took a smell at the cork, and fell and broke his leg. I shall always think there was something mysterious about that bottle. I have "worked up" this narrative a little, but in the main I have given actual facts, merely embellishing them in a scarcely perceptible degree. The original victim—the young lady—has gone to the springs to recruit her health, what there is left of it, which isn't much.

SOMETHING TO POCKET.—A diminutive lawyer appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor what profession he was of, and having replied that he was an attorney—"You a lawyer!" said Brief; "why, I could put you in my pocket." "Very likely you may," rejoined the other; "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

☞ The Springfield Republican has been told by a United States officer, who has lately come from the Rio Grande, that during the so-called siege of Matamoras by the liberal troops of Mexico, he himself was offered $30,000, and the officers and men under his command a proportionate amount, if he would take his colored troops over the river and assault and capture the Imperial garrison in Matamoras.

How they Make Mushroom Ketchup in England.

The London "*Grocer*" says that "Smithfield Mushrooms" is the technical name given by London ketchup makers to what is more familiarly known to him as bullock's liver; "pure Leicestershire ketchup" is nothing more nor less than animal liver, salted, rotted, and spiced.

This is how the crisp mushrooms of Smithfield are prepared for the delicate palates of the discriminating British public, who find poison in and forswear pickles, and lick their lips at the delicious juice of decayed animal matter. Enormous quantities of bullocks' livers—we beg pardon, Smithfield mushrooms—are collected in England, and imported in closed bags from the Continent. These are bought up by ketchup makers—not one or two known roughs, but men who are not generally known as publicans and sinners, and who have the confidence and, we may add, the cash of the largest distributors of pickles and sauces in the United Kingdom. The mushrooms are salted in tubs, and allowed to remain until the mass becomes thoroughly putrid, and—the details are nasty, but we cannot, in justice to the anti-adulteration league, withhold them—the contents of the tubs are then boiled in iron tanks holding about 150 gallons each. Each boiling occupies a whole night. It is never carried on by day, for the simple reason that the stench from the boilers would bring down the indignation of the neighbors, who inconsistently hold out one hand to the poor retailer for *cheap* luxuries, and with the other destroy the sources of their production. Copper tanks are never used for the boiling operations, for reasons that will be apparent to our readers. All that remains now is to strain off the liquor carefully, and add to its natural fragrance and pungency by mixing with it the spices of "Araby the blest." That which remains after the straining operation is immediately covered with a layer of ashes, and sold at convenience to manure dealers.

Now, having related the interesting process adopted in a branch of manufacture of which little is known to the public, may we be allowed to ask why it was left to a neighbor of one of our London manufacturers to initiate the extermination of Smithfield mushroom gatherers? The items which here appear in print for the first are not new to a large and very important section of our trade. How is it that the peripatetic analysts, whose raids among shopkeepers have been so favorably spoken of, have not come down upon the juice of the Smithfield mushroom? We could give a very long list of wholesale dealers and reputed manufacturers who know all about it, and have known all about it, as we ourselves have, for many years. What will the public think of the vigilance of analytical commissioners when we inform them that hogsheads upon hogsheads of liver juice now lie in warehouses which these gentlemen have recorded to be pure and undefiled? We know that some respectable firms hold this filthy stuff in happy ignorance of its origin; but if it escapes their scrutiny it should not that of our analytical pastors and masters.

Smithfield mushroom ketchup may, for aught we know, be one of the household necessities of the age, though no one but a dishonest person would wittingly deal in it. Shopkeepers generally cannot be blamed for selling that which they honestly believe to be genuine; and so much like the real Simon Pure is this delightful stuff, that we would defy the greatest epicure to choose between the two.

SENSIBLE FREEDMEN.—A Georgia paper contains the following significant advertisement. It proves that some freedmen are adapting themselves to the new order of things in the South:

Work Wanted.—We have established a shop at Turnwold, where we are preparing to do all manner of wood and iron work, wagon-making and repairing included. We have not turned fools because we are free, but know we have to work for our living, and are determined to do it. We mean to be sober, industrious, honest and respectful to white folks—and so we depend on them to give us work. WILLIAM & JIM.

☞ A Paris correspondent of the *Nord* says: "Crinoline is in danger! Neither the Empress nor her ladies of honor wore it at the dinner at the Tuileries."

☞ It will be thought most ungallant when we mention that, as a rule, men have finer hair than women. In every square inch of scalp it is supposed that nearly 1,000 hairs exist, about 120,000 in the whole head. If we want to be more particular as to details, we may assert that in blondes about 140,000, in brown 110,000, in black 103,000, and in red-haired folk 80,000 hairs exist. In the two latter instances, there is a greater thickness of hair generally.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue small. About 6000 bbls were taken at $5,25@7 ₱ bbl for common and good superfine; $7,25@8,25 for extras; $8,50@9,25 for common and choice Northwest extra family; $9@10,50 for Penna and Ohio do do, and $11@15 for fancy lots. Rye Flour is selling at $4,75@5. Prices of Corn Meal are nominal at $3,75 for Penna.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for prime Wheat. Sales 10,000 bus, common and choice red, at $2,10@2,35; inferior at $1,85@1,80, and white at $2 25 up to 2,75. Rye; sales 4000 bus at 85c for Penna, 95c for North River, and 75c for Southern. Corn—about 30,000 bus yellow sold at 68@70c. Oats; 5000 bus Penna and Delaware sold at 49@50c.

PROVISIONS—The sales continue limited. New Mess Pork sells in a retail way at $28@29 ₱ bbl. Bacon Hams at 20¼@20c; pickled do at 18@19c; salt Shoulders at 12@12½c; and Lard in bbls and tcs at 18¼@19c ₱ bbl. Butter; sales of roll at 40@50c, the latter for choice, solid at 35@37c, and Goshen at 59@63c. Cheese; sales New York factory at 22½@23c. Eggs; small sales at 22@24c

COTTON—Sales 1000 bales middlings at 41@42c, including some ordinary at 35c.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $32,50 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow is selling at 45c, cash.

COAL is more active at the decline.

FEATHERS—The transactions are in a small way at 60@75 ₱ ℔ for common and good prime Western.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce, and command from $3 to $8 ₱ bbl, according to quality. Dried do sell at 7@10c for old, 12@15c for new. Peaches at 12@14c for quarters; 16@19c for halves; and 24@30c for pared.

HOPS—Sales of new Eastern and Western at 65@75c. and old at 30@40c.

SEEDS—Sales of 1200 bus Cloverseed at $4,50@6,75, the latter for choice. Timothy—300 bus sold at $3,75@4. Flaxseed is worth $2,70@2,75.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum ranges from $2,56@2,55. Whiskey—Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,25@2,26; Ohio at $2,27@2,28; Drudge at $2,06, and refilled at the latter figure. Hhds sell at $2,24.

TALLOW—Country ranges from 11c to 11½c, and city rendered at 11¼c@11½c.

WOOL—Small sales of quarter blood and fine at 53c up to 67c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 15½@16c ₱ ℔. 125 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₱ head. 750 Hogs sold at from $12,00@15,25 ₱ 100 ℔s. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 7@8¼ cts ₱ ℔.

Jefferson and John Randolph.

Randolph being asked to play chess on one occasion, refused, and gave the following reason: "I have not played chess for the last seventeen years; the very sight of the board and men gives rise to painful reminiscences, for the last game I played lost me a personal friend forever. I was on the most intimate terms with Mr. Jefferson, as you may have heard, it being now matter of history, and I soon found out that, politician and philosopher as he was, he took more pride in his skill at chess than in any thing else. Very few could beat him, and at last he could not endure defeat. Knowing this, and feeling that I was his match, I had always declined playing, as I did not want to quarrel with him, until one unfortunate evening, when he touched my Virginia pride in so pointed a way, that I could no longer refuse with honor, and we sat down to the game. It was a warm contest. Greek met Greek. I at length cried 'check-mate;' and he never forgave me afterwards."

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.
feb10-3m

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"ITCH"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Cures	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Itching Piles,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	all Skin Diseases.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Price 50 cents.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	By sending 50 cents to	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Dr. SWAYNE & SON,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	age paid, to any address.	"TETTER."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eowlf

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. It is really a valuable medicament and unlike most of the patented articles of the day, is used by many physicians. It is particularly desirable in locations where physicians are not near, and in families will often save the necessity of sending out at midnight for a doctor. A bottle should be kept in every house.—*Boston Traveller.* mar24-2t

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop. mar24-2t

FITS! FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Caution the parent of safety. *A word of hope.*—Delicate females expanding into the full bloom of womanhood are frequently condemned by a false polity of society to be the lingering victims of complicated disorders; or prevented by their timid and sensitive natures, or the reprehensible neglect of mothers from acknowledging the cause of their ailments. How many girls have been consigned to the cold and pitiless embrace of death through sheer ignorance, or that want of confidence which should exist between parent and offspring. When mothers behold their daughters droop—the pulse of the lily substituted for the bloom of the rose—the dim and lack lustre eye—the gradual emaciation of the body—let them take heed—a crisis has arrived which demands their utmost vigilance and solicitude; Holloway's Pills are an effectual remedy for these manifold complaints. Sold by all Druggists.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 50, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-9t

AWAY with SPECTACLES.
OLD EYES
MADE NEW, without Spectacle, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

AWAY with UNCOMFORTABLE
TRUSSES!
COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent free. Address, E. B FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

PARENTS take care of Your
CHILDREN!
CROUP—Its Cause, Cure, *and how it may be prevented.* Sent free. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS F. LONGAKER to Miss ISABELLA CHAIES, both of this city.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. THOMAS B. STURTEVANT, of Dexter, Maine, to Miss MARIA L. LITTEL, of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr HENRY CRANE to Miss SALLIE M. LEONARD, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, GEORGE THOMSON to Miss MARTHA M. THOMPSON.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. RICHARD TOMBLINSON to Mrs. ELIZABETH PARKS, both of Bethel, Camden county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence in Upland, Del. county, on the 11th instant, JOHN P. CROZER, aged 73 years.

On the 12th instant, LEWIS BENJAMIN, in his 80th year.

On the 12th instant, MARTHA THOMSON, aged 80 years.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES YOUNG, aged 85 years.

On the 11th instant, LYMAN R. COLBURN, in his 57th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN H. EVANS, in his 42d year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathaire," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to
DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for Severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

JAMES D. ORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Farmer should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy none other.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO.,
jan27-eow6m Proprietors, New York.

ALL GOING WEST
SOON OR BY-AND-BY, to purchase Land, should write to the undersigned for CIRCULARS giving full particulars about

500,000 ACRES of PRAIRIE, TIMBER AND COAL LANDS,

for sale in Northern Missouri, on the most liberal terms, by the

HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH R. R. COMPANY.

An advertisement of any reasonable length cannot tell the whole story; therefore send for our gratuitous descriptive documents. Extra copies are cheerfully furnished to such as wish to induce others to settle with them. A Sectional Map, showing the exact location of all our lands, is sold at thirty cents.

Address GEORGE S. HARRIS, Land Commissioner, Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, Hannibal, Mo. mar24-4t

PAYING EMPLOYMENT.

$100 PER MONTH—AGENTS WANTED by the AUBURN PUBLISHING Co., in every township, to sell their valuable Books on the People, including the latest History of the Rebellion. ☞ For full particulars and liberal offers, Address

mar24-2t E. G. STORKE, AUBURN, N. Y.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, mar24-13t Parkman, Ohio.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-tf Box 990, Boston, Mass.

ARE YOU FOND OF MERRIMENT?—If so, send three cent stamp and receive $1. in samples and further particulars. Address CAMERON & CO., 146 Bleecker St., New York. mar10-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PROFESSOR MORRIS' AZUMEA,

THE PREMIUM YEAST, OR BAKING POWDER,

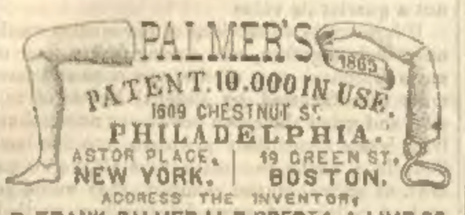
Manufactured by E. MOCKRIDGE & CO.,

No. 62 NORTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; *receipts for which can be had, together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with full address of applicant thereon.* Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour; it will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 12 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs. more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

This excellent article sold by over 3000 grocers of Philadelphia, has justly obtained two first-class diplomas.



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply solely to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct21-1y

A Scientific Wonder.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 29, 1865.

An EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dial, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, feb17-3m 206 Broadway, New York.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms; is more simple and durable; easier understood; easier to operate and more reliable.

FARMERS

Can be independent, by weaving all their goods for home wear on the Mendenhall Improved Hand Loom.

☞ From 15 to 40 yards can be woven on it in a day.

No skill is required to weave upon it, beyond the simple turning of an easy crank. A woman or child can operate it.

THE MENDENHALL IMPROVED LOOM weaves Jeans, Satinet, Tweed, plain and double plain Cloth, Linsey, Blanket Twill, Linen, Toweling, Bird-eye Diaper, Balmoral Skirt Goods, &c., &c., all on the same warp, with one time drawing in the harness. It also weaves all Wool, Hemp, Linen and Rag Carpeting.

EACH LOOM IS WARRANTED

to be and do as represented, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.

Every purchaser of the Improved Loom will be allowed a liberal commission on each Loom sold by them, thus enabling them with a little exertion, to receive back the price paid for their Loom.

☞ Looms, Loom Findings, Black and White Cotton Warp, Filling Yarn, &c., constantly on hand.

For descriptive circulars, list of prices, and samples of cloth wove on the Loom, address, with stamp inclosed,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
or GREENWOOD LOOM COMPANY,
dec30-3m Cincinnati, Ohio.

GEMS OF SACRED SONG.

A New Volume of the Choicest Pieces of the Best Composers, with Piano Accompaniments; a beautiful collection of popular music, uniform with the previous volumes of the "Home Circle Series," now consisting of seven volumes, the whole forming the most complete and valuable library of Piano Music published, to which will soon be added "Gems of Scottish Song," now in press. Price of each, Plain, $2.50; Cloth, $3; Cloth, full gilt, $4.

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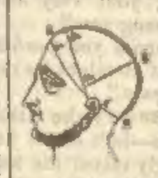

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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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IMPURITIES.

When these are within their natural limits, our health is good; but when they are in excess, pains, colds, rheumatism, gout, debility, costiveness, diarrhea, dysentery, erysipelas, &c., &c., afflict us. What we have to do to recover our health is to take out from the BOWELS AND THE CIRCULATION the excess of impurities. This done, health follows of necessity.

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are the only medicine that can do this with entire safety to all the organs of the body.

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Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. mar10-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Actor in a New Character.

We find the following "true story" in one of our western exchanges about the well-known comedian of Wallack's theatre. The play-bills of St. Louis and Cincinnati, in announcing an engagement with the popular comedian, Mark Smith, mentioned his "return from Europe," a short time ago, though *why*, we cannot understand, for he did not go there with any intention of acting—taking with him only a carpet bag—intending to *see* rather than be seen. He was met in London by his younger brother, Sol (Jr.,) and together they went through the agreeable task of sight-seeing in that great city. We have been made acquainted with an incident which took place at the celebrated exhibition of Madame Tussard & Son, Baker street, which will show that though our friend Mark did not intend to act in London he was compelled to do a little bit of pantomime, without a rehearsal, and that his impromptu acting was quite effective.

The two brothers were in what is called the "Chamber of Horrors," viewing the portraits and wax-figures of celebrated murderers, when Mark, to obtain a better view of a fine painting on an opposite wall, stepped upon a platform whereupon stood the "counterfeit presentment," (in wax) of some of the most notorious criminals, who had been duly executed during the present century. Just as he had got his eyes fixed upon the painting, a cockney gentleman, with his wife, child and nurse, came along, and one of them asked Sol, (who had a catalogue in his hand) who that figure (indicating Mark) represented. Sol, who is always ready for a joke, solemnly read from the catalogue as follows:

"66. Daniel Good. (Taken from life.) The murderer of Jane Jones, whose body he cut asunder and burnt!"

"Well," said the cockney, directing his look full upon Mark's countenance, which, by this time, had become fixed as marble, "*that* is natural as life, I'm sure! Did you ever see, my dear, such a villainous looking face?"

"I can't say, husband," replied the wife, "that I see anything so very villainous in the countenance; on the contrary, I should never have taken it for that of a murderer, it looks rather amiable, I think."

The child here put in—"Pa, lift me up and let me have a good look at Mr. Good." (Mark could hardly help bursting out laughing, but decided to hold out a little longer.) The child was lifted up so that she could look right into the face of the "figure," when the actor could not resist the temptation to give a very slight, but very distinct *wink* to the young Miss, who, affrighted, exclaimed: "Put me down! put me down! As true as the world, ma, that murderer *winked at me!*"

"Nonsense, my child!" exclaimed the mother, "it was your imagination."

"No, ma, indeed it was a real wink; my imagination never winked like that. It was a very little wink, but it was a wink."

The nurse here intervened to quiet the child, who appeared very much frightened indeed. "See," said the girl, "I will look right into his face, and let us see if he will wink at *me*." And sure enough she stepped up and faced the figure. Mark gave *her* a most decided wink, which drew the corner of his mouth to a degree that was very peculiar. The nurse almost fell back into the arms of her master and mistress, exclaiming, "There's no mistake about it, *that* was a wink, and a big one, too! It's done by machinery, I guess."

"Machinery, nonsense!" said the man, "let *me* look into this matter" To this he was encouraged by the mischief-loving Sol, and the father and husband stepped boldly up and faced the supposed murderer. "There is no machinery here—no winking of the eyes, that *I* can perceive." Then growing bolder, he began to address the figure in the way of banter: "*You're* a pretty fellow, now ain't you? Oh, you monster, you murderer of innocent girls! If I had been on the jury that tried you, there would have been no need of evidence; your very looks would have been enough to hang you."

"Pa," said the child, "suppose you *touch* his face. That beard looks as if it might be real. Pinch his nose, and pull his ears."

"Certainly, my dear," answered the father; "I ain't afraid to touch him—let's see if he'll wink at *me!*" He accordingly raised his hand as if to feel the beard of the actor, when—there was no wink this time, but a gradual turning of the eyes, (both eyes,) upon the cockney. Starting back in the greatest amazement, the frightened Englishman said—"Perhaps we had better leave this room, my dears; these wax figures are got up a little too like life for me."

Putting on Airs.

An amusing colloquy came off at the supper table on board one of the Mississippi boats, between an exquisite, reeking with hair oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters, assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed with his long jewelled finger, and said:—

"Buttah, sah."

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Buttah, sah, I say!" fiercely replied the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article."

"Buttah, I tell you!" thundered the dandy, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up in turn. "You didn't think I took it for lard, did you?"

Scene in Court.

Among the witnesses was one as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused; and then, putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have *told*, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

STIRRING INCIDENT OF MODERN LIFE.

"Last Saturday, Mr. B——n happened to make a morning call on Mrs. S——th, a lady living near Portman Square. During his visit, Mrs. S——th went into another part of the house, to fetch the last number of THE POST, leaving him alone in the dining-room with Cicely, her daughter, a person of determined appearance, who suddenly said, 'Please, Mr. B——n, wipe poor Cissy's nose!' Nobody was within call—the danger was imminent. Mr. B——n did not, however, lose all presence of mind. It appears he rarely, if ever, stirs from home without a pocket-handkerchief concealed somewhere about his person—a wise precaution at this time of the year. Fixing his eye on the young lady, he cautiously drew it from his pocket, and then——but we will not harrow the feelings of the unmarried reader with a detailed account of what followed.

"Mr. B——n is only four-and-twenty, and of active rather than powerful build. We hear that his daring act will shortly be rewarded by the hand and heart of Mrs. S——th's beautiful but accomplished sister, who had been an unsuspected witness of this chivalrous self-devotion."—*The Bloomsbury Guardian.*

[Our artist has selected (judiciously, we think,) the moment when Mr. B——n is feeling in his pocket for the inoffensive weapon.

Cinderella.

The origin of the tale from which this pantomime was adopted is sufficiently curious. It was about the year 1730 that a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he re-appeared at the stall the next day, but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of his slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so!) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

A Shilling Temptation.

A young man in England, having entertained a tender passion for a young woman, felt such insurmountable diffidence as to prevent his ever disclosing the same to the fair empress of his heart, and resolved on an expedient which would bring the business to an issue. He went to the clergyman, and requested the bans of marriage might be published according to law. When the publication was brought to her ears, she was filled with astonishment, and went to him to vent her resentment; he bore the sally with fortitude, observing, that if she did not think proper to have him, she could go to the clergyman and forbid the bans. After a moment's pause she took counsel with her anger, and said, "As it has been done, it is a pity that the shilling should be thrown away!"

Singular, but True.

A British correspondent, and an Englishman of rank, at that, informs us that it is becoming the fashion among the young gentlemen of position in England to *do* the American in costume and cut as a matter of fashion. The old-fashioned American goatee, beard, and cut of hair, together with the soft felt hat and general dress of young America is very much in vogue, and considered quite *distingue*. There can be little doubt that the war and military training wonderfully improved the physique and appearance of our young; there was a carelessness about them in dress, &c., before the war, which, although becoming in some, and those the *few* who were naturally graceful, was not generally attractive. Now, however, the change is palpable, and always noticeable.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

"Wonders will never cease." Always something new and startling. The drowsy world has no longer an opportunity to indulge in her favorite old time practice of napping. Scarcely can she close an eye before there rings out the clear, shrill announcement of a *new invention!* sending the sleepy Old World wide awake again. As for the New World, over here, where they say of us we have no *history*, we are very wide awake all the time. Making history every day, faster than they can write their musty, sleepy old histories—our slow neighbors over yonder to the eastward.

One of the brightest, most sparkling—eye—and most instructive too, of our historical pages, is that of American science and invention. The inventive genius of America is supplying European necessity with a thousand brain-born, hand-perfected inventions, better than the genius of Europe can produce.

Go into the printing room of the London "Thunderer," and you may find on each one of all those *nineteen* automata—machines almost endowed with human intelligence, each laying hold of the blank sheet, and tossing it off in the next moment a perfectly printed paper—on each one of these printing wonders, we shall find the modest brass plate engraved with the name of Hoe & Co., N. Y.

In European fields we find the most efficient agricultural implements, of American invention, powerful locomotives wear plates engraved with the word TAUNTON—sewing machines most in favor, come from American workshops—telegraphic instruments bear the name of Morse—the New World outsails on the ocean, outruns on the land, out ploughs, out crops, out shoots, out invents the Old Slow World over yonder. History indeed. Invention is manufacturing history every day, faster than we can write it up.

Fifty years and more since men began to cry out—man has reached the limit of invention, and every day since the cry has been repeated, and as often given the lie by some newer, more wonderful invention. Morse, at a single stride, oversteps a century, and harnesses lightning as the courier of intelligence. Our reapers, threshing machines, ploughs, seed drills, and a hundred other appliances now indispensable, revolutionize our old time agriculture, and make American supremacy as well as history.

Only a week or two since, when we looked on and wondered at the newest wonder of invention—the *Mendenhall Self Acting Hand Loom* in its automic combination, performing the office of *weaver* as well as loom, achieving, by the simple turning of a crank, fabrics of varied patterns at the will of its master or mistress, all equal to, and most superior to power loom productions, we verily thought, Invention must surely rest here, and afford us leisure for a nap, that American *brains* have no miracle beyond this.

A fallacy, like all other similar declarations, for within a week a newer wonder is presented, claiming our attention and *demanding* our approval—a miracle of *fire*. A simple—so simple, that its very simplicity is the greatest wonder—a simple apparatus that self-acting, decomposes, and so changes the condition of water, as to make it instantly combustible, burning freely with a heat more intense than any other of which a fire has ever been kindled, and withal so admirably arranged that the great heat is controlled, directed and limited in space by the simplest kitchen maid, so that while water may be boiled in three minutes, pies baked in ten, bread, in loaves, in twenty, and all the requisites for a cooking for a family of ten actively going on, there stands the modest little miracle, occupying no more room than a sewing machine, and quite as ornamental, no pipe, no smoke, no dust, dirt, or smudge of coal—burning *water*, and not an atom of heat perceptible at the distance of a single foot.

This is no myth—no fable—but a *bona-fide* reality—an invention patented since the coming in of 1866. We have seen, tested, and know that this newest miracle will achieve all and a great deal more than we have enumerated in its list of capabilities.

Only think of it, coal consumers everywhere, prairie farmers, where fuel is scarce, dwellers in torrid zones, and economizers everywhere—no *fuel*. Our earnest advice is to hold the miracle in mind, and when it shall be manufactured and for sale, by all means purchase it.

ACTIVE FERTILIZERS.

The probability is that if every editor and agricultural writer in the country were to begin preaching active economical fertilization every day, and were to continue consecutively their teachings for the next five years, there would still be an army of us who had not heard or heeded.

Here is one of our acquaintances, an active, wide-awake, intelligent farmer and market gardener, who within the last two years has said to us at least ten times:—

"Cosmo, what shall I use as a quick, certain, economical fertilizer for my early market crop?"

Always we have replied: "Super phosphate—*Simon Pure*, if you can obtain such—*Coes*, if genuine, is the nearest. Failing to obtain that, get meal, or flour of bone, that you *know* is pure, dampen it until you have an exhibition of ammonia, then apply and reap your reward."

Day before yesterday our neighbor repeated the very same question. He had forgotten all our ten fertilizing, phosphates and bone flour sermons, and dabbled in miscellaneous mercantile humbugs, hauled out of town more useless livery stable litter than would have *boned* his whole farm twice over to the best condition of fertility, and fallen back to the same question that he began with two years ago.

We repeat what we have before asserted. It very rarely pays expenses to pay for any sort of ordinary stable manure and haul it five miles. All mercantile manures *may* be beneficial—some of them we know are. Several others we believe are not remuneratively so. Some are worthless in inception, more by adulteration. But in *muck*, wood ashes, salt, lime, kitchen waste, poultry deposits, compost, and thorough comingling of home material, the farmer cannot possibly go far at fault, and if he will but pursue a rational, common sense practice, not very often fail in producing a capital home-made fertilizer at half the cost of mercantile material not a quarter its value.

If farmers in all sections of the country would only club together, and among every four or more purchase one of the new bone and farm mills manufactured by Paschal Morris of this city, and grind their own bones—or rather those lying waste about their premises, into fine bone flour in a really raw state, with all the 38 per cent. of animal matter retained, they would get such a quick and powerful fertilizer as their money cannot purchase for them at any price.

And then considering that the same mill grinds corn meal and all ordinary cattle feed at a rate that would supply the wants of half a dozen farmers, the price divided among four or five or six persons would be a mere *bagatelle*, and probably the very best investment a farmer could possibly make.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

OYSTER PIE.

Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and around the edge, but not at the bottom. Drain off part of the liquor from the oysters, put them in a pan, and season with salt and pepper and spice. Have ready the yolks of eggs chopped fine and some grated bread; pour the oysters with as much of the liquor as you please into the dish that has the paste in; strew over the top the chopped egg and grated bread; roll out the lid of the pie, and put it on, crimping the edge. Take a small sheet of paste, and cut it in a square and roll it up. Cut it with a sharp knife into the form of a tulip; make a slit in the centre of the upper crust, and stick the tulip in it. Bake the pie in a quick oven.

WHITE POTATO PUDDING.

Take 1½ lbs. of potatoes, boiled and mashed very smoothly. Beat to a cream ½ lb. of sugar and ½ lb. of butter; add to the butter and sugar the yolks of seven eggs, beaten very light; the juice of three and the grated rind of one lemon, a wineglass of wine or brandy, and half of a nutmeg grated. Then stir in the potatoes, and lastly the whites of the eggs. If you find this rather stiff, add a cup of cream. Bake in one crust.

ALMOND PUDDING.

One pound of blanched almonds, 8 ounces of sugar, ½ glass of rose-water, 1 pint of cream, 6 eggs; put the rose-water to the almonds in a marble mortar, pound them fine, beat the eggs and sugar well together; put it all into a basin, and stir them over the fire well together until they are warm; then put it in a thin dish, put paste only around the sides of the dish, and bake three quarters of an hour.

SANDWICHES.

Rub a tablespoonful of mustard flour into a half pound of butter, spread this upon thin slices of bread, cut ham very thin in slices and put it in between the bread.

Selected.

A SAVOURY LAMB PIE.—Cut the meat into pieces, and season it with finely-beaten pepper, salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg. Make a good puff-paste, and put the meat into it, adding some lambs' sweetbreads, seasoned in the same manner. Put in some oysters and forcemeat balls, some yolk of egg, and tops of asparagus, boiled green. Put butter all over the pie, and put on the covering paste, and let it bake for an hour and a half in a quick oven. Mix a pint of gravy, the oyster liquor, a gill of red wine, and a little nutmeg, with the yolks of two or three eggs well beaten, and stir it in the same direction all the time. When it boils, take the cover off the pie, pour the mixture into it, cover it again, and serve it up.

ORANGE SUGAR.—Rasp on a piece of sugar the rinds of the best oranges; but do it so lightly that not a particle of the white is mixed with it. Scrape off the surface of the sugar as it becomes colored, and continue this operation until you have obtained as much sugar as you require. Lay it on a hot stove, or at the mouth of an oven, to dry, and when perfectly dry pass it through a very fine sieve.

TO PRESERVE ORANGE JUICE.—Squeeze out a pint of juice from the best oranges to be procured, strain it through fine muslin, and let it simmer gently for twenty minutes, with ¼lb. of loaf sugar. When cold put it into small bottles.

ST. PATRICK'S SOUP.—Take 1 pound of meat without bones, and cut into small pieces, put into a stewpan 2 ounces of dripping, 1 ounce of leeks, 1 once of celery, 1 ounce of carrots, 2 ounces of turnips, and fry for ten minutes; then add the meat, with 2 ounces of salt, ½ an ounce of sugar, and fry until a thick glaze is produced; then add 1 quart of cold water, and ½ a pound of flour; then add 2 ounces of dillisk, well washed and chopped fine, a little mixed spice and pepper; boil three-quarters of an hour, and serve.—*Sugar.*

AN ORANGE PUDDING.—Pound in a mortar 3 oz. of fresh butter and 4 oz. of lump sugar, grate in the rinds of two Seville oranges (taking care not to allow any of the juice to escape), also the whole of a large or two small apples also grated. When thoroughly mixed add 4 eggs well beaten. Spread it to the thickness of half an inch on puff paste, bake quickly.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 9, 20, 17, 20, 8, is one who gives.
My 11, 20, 7, is a pronoun.
My 18, 8, 5, 15, 6, is a general in the army.
My 13, 3, 16, 15, conveys life.
My 1, 16, 21, is a contraction much used.
My 6, 8, 20, 11, is a town in New York.
My 4, 10, 19, 12, is a wise man.
My 5, 17, 22, is an insect.
My 1, 22, is the same.
My 2, 14, 15, is a small biped.
My 19, 3, 10, is a vegetable.

My whole should be found in every family circle. J. GREENWOOD LINDEN.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 12, 13, 14, 10, 22, is an astronomical wonder.
My 5, 6, 3, 4, is a term used by medical men.
My 1, 23, 25, 20, is one of the grand divisions of the globe.
My 3, 1, 8, 23, are the farmer's pest.
My 23, 11, 1, 7, is an amphibious animal.
My 23, 22, 29, 32, 23, is the name of some of the heavenly bodies.
My 21, 25, 18, 19, is an article of food.
My 18, 20, 22, is a domestic animal.
My 2, 1, 15, 19, is that which pleases the hunter.
My 27, 20, 28, is a part of the human frame.
My 23, 26, 25, 24, 30, 23, is a boy's plaything.

My whole are pursuits, in which all civilized nations are engaged. JENNY R.

Clinton Co., Mo.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 9, 4, 8, 18, 7, 17, 7, 14, 2, is a chain of mountains.
My 16, 17, 12, 5, is a river in Maine.
My 2, 6, 15, 13, 17, 12, is a town in Armenia.
My 13, 10, 3, is a town in Farther India.
My 20, 3, 11, 12, 17, is a town in Hindostan.

My whole is a contributor to the Saturday Evening Post. WM. H. MORROW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a story; transpose me and I become an adjective meaning both *for* and *near*; transpose again, and then curtail, and I am a field or meadow; make another transposition, and I become a liquor; curtail me now, and I am a boy's nickname; finally transpose me, and you see an exclamation of surprise.

S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a certain sphere is 22 inches; the altitude of the zone which forms the base of a given spherical sector of this sphere is 3 inches. Required—the solid contents of the spherical sector. S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A. started to market with a certain number of eggs; on his way he broke one-seventh of all he had; he sold the remainder so as to realize 12 cents a dozen for all he started with.

On returning home, he found ten cents, and thus lost but 1⅔ cents. Required—the number he broke, and the price per dozen of eggs.

JONAS PIKE.

Middle Fork, Clinton Co., Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What two counties in Ireland would you suppose to be lighter in weight than the rest? Ans.—Cork and Down.

☞ Why is a man with a scolding wife like the stock-raisers of England at this present time? Ans.—Because he has a great domestic plague.

☞ What letter is frequently drunk? Ans.—T.

☞ What letter has wings? Ans.—A J (jay.)

☞ What letter has most legs? Ans.—A B (bee.)

☞ What is it that has two buildings, two trees, two animals, and two fish? Ans.—The human body, viz., two temples, two palms, two calves, and two soles.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—

"God is a consuming fire."—Heb. xii. 29.

1. G aius	3 John 1.
2. O ded	2 Chron. xv. 8.
3. D agon	1 Sam. v. 3.
4. I shmael	Jer. xli. 2.
5. S ceva's	Acts xix. 14.
6. A bihail	Esth. ii. 15.
7. C rispus	Acts xviii. 8.
8. O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
9. N athan	2 Sam. xii. 7.
10. S harezer	2 Kings xix. 37.
11. U rijah	2 Kings xvi. 11.
12. M ordecai	Esth. x. 3.
13. I saac	Gen. xxvi. 7.
14. N ineveh	Nahum i. 1.
15. G edaliah	Jer. xli. 2.
16. F elix	Acts xxiv. 26.
17. I chabod's	1 Sam. iv. 21
18. R izpah	2 Sam. xxi. 10.
19. E lijah	1 Kings xvii. 1.

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM of Feb. 3rd—as the triangle is equilateral the maximum inscribed will become a circle, having a diameter of 9.2376 inches. Morgan Stevens, and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Feb. 10th—143. Gill Bates, and Morgan Stevens.